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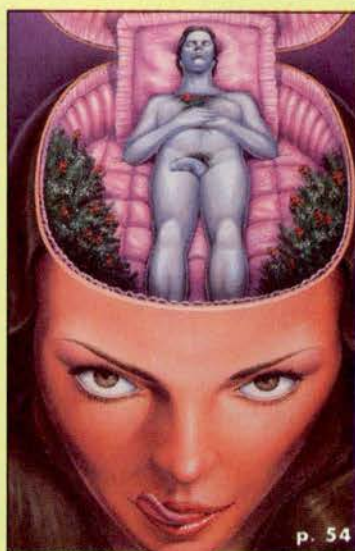
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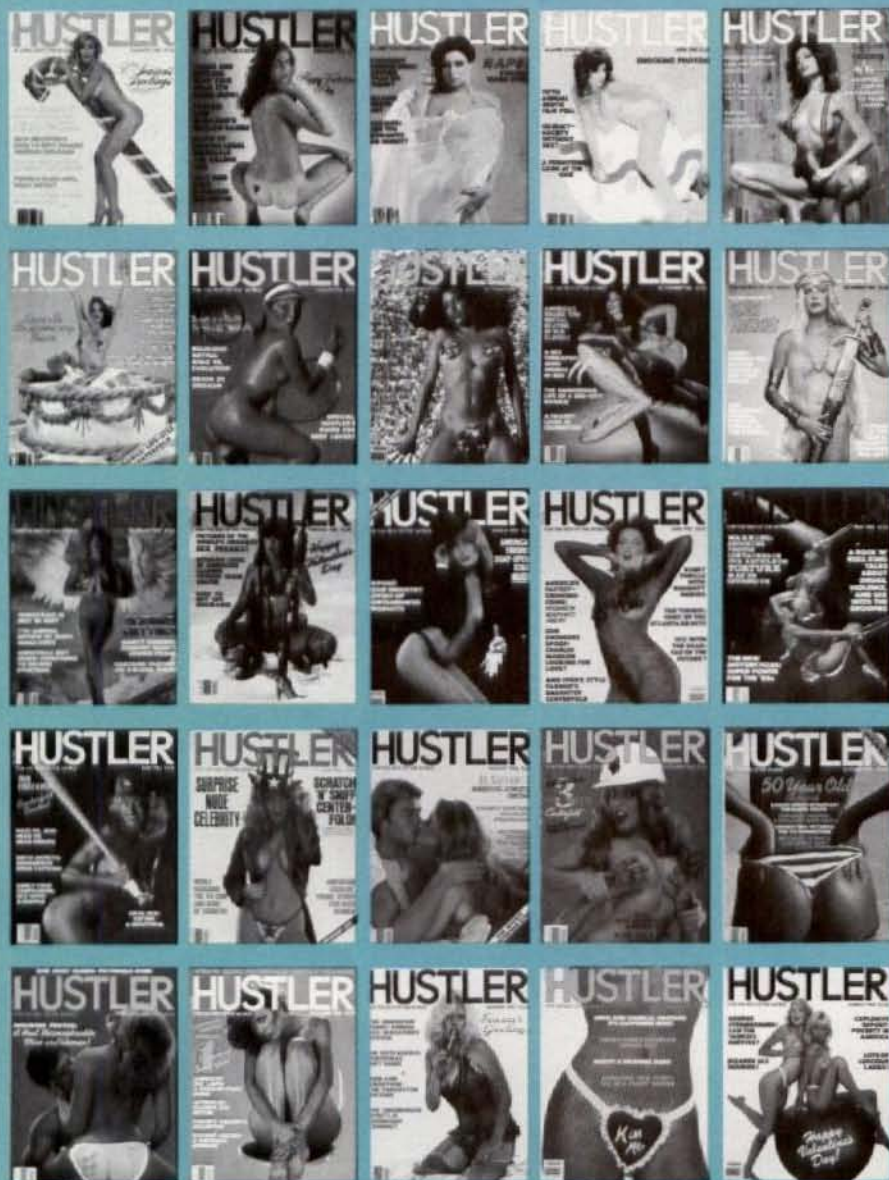
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ADVERTISING

DONALD S. GORDON, Director of Advertising, (213) 556-9200; MARGARET CARNI, Advertising Coordinator; New York Inquiries, (212) 980-7130

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HUSTLER APRIL 1983 VOLUME 9 NUMBER 10

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



Thank You, Readers!

I've wanted to write this *Publisher's Statement* for a long time, and there's never been a more appropriate time for it than right now.

I want to thank all of you, the HUSTLER readers, for your support and loyalty. I've said many times before that HUSTLER is a success because we listen to our readers. Without your involvement and your constant demands for high quality, HUSTLER wouldn't be what it is now—the top magazine of its kind in the world. I can't think of a better use for this page than to express my deepest appreciation.

But most of all, I want to thank you for sticking with HUSTLER through the economic hard times we're all going through. Believe me, I know how tough it is just to survive these days. That so many people are still finding a spot in their tight budgets for HUSTLER is a source of tremendous pride for me.

Now, I'm not saying that our sales are skyrocketing during this depression. Like the rest of the magazine industry, we're feeling the effects of the country's economic crisis. There's simply no way to avoid it. But

proportionately, HUSTLER sales have not dropped as dramatically as those of our competitors.

We've always realized that most people were in the habit of buying a few other men's magazines along with HUSTLER each month. But now that it's necessary to cut back to only one, the overwhelming majority of readers are sticking with HUSTLER.












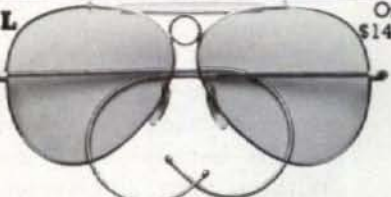
That's a tribute to the magazine—and to the millions of you who recognize how important HUSTLER Magazine is in today's society.

In almost nine years of publication, we've survived all kinds of challenges—including an assassination attempt against me and outrageous censorship aimed at the magazine. This terrible depression is just one more challenge. But I know that with all of us working together—myself, Althea, the HUSTLER staff, and you, the readers—HUSTLER Magazine will be part of a strong America for a long time.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

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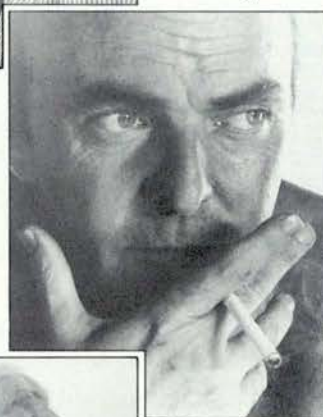
In its more than eight years of existence, **HUSTLER** has developed a reputation for uncovering stories of national importance. This month we take a look at another controversial subject that most publications have long since laid to rest, in our exclusive expose, **MASS MURDER IN ATLANTA: IS THE WRONG MAN IN JAIL?** Leaving no stone unturned, **CHET DETTLINGER** and **JEFF PRUGH** reveal never-before-published evidence that the killings of black children and young adults in Atlanta, Georgia, did not stop with the arrest of Wayne Williams in June 1981.

A Louisville, Kentucky, street cop who worked as an assistant to the chief of police of Atlanta before becoming a criminal analyst, Dettlinger voluntarily looked into the brutal murders on his own. He also was a consultant for Williams' defense lawyers. In March 1981, during the turbulent investigation, he met journalist Jeff Prugh. Since then, they have compared and combined notes to come up with this startling article. Prugh, former Southern correspondent for the *Los Angeles Times*, was an ABC News consultant during the Williams trial.

HUSTLER's April profile of necrophiliac Karen Greenlee examines a preoccupation with death of a very different sort. In **THE GIRL WHO HAD SEX WITH THE DEAD**, **LEE QUARNSTROM** probes in shocking detail the bizarre life and lusts of the young California woman who made love to perhaps as many as 40 corpses. A frequent contributor to **HUSTLER**, Quarnstrom is a journalist whose professionalism allowed him to overcome his own repulsion toward the subject. He says, "I approached this assignment with the trepidation we all feel when we get too close to something awful and inexplicable."



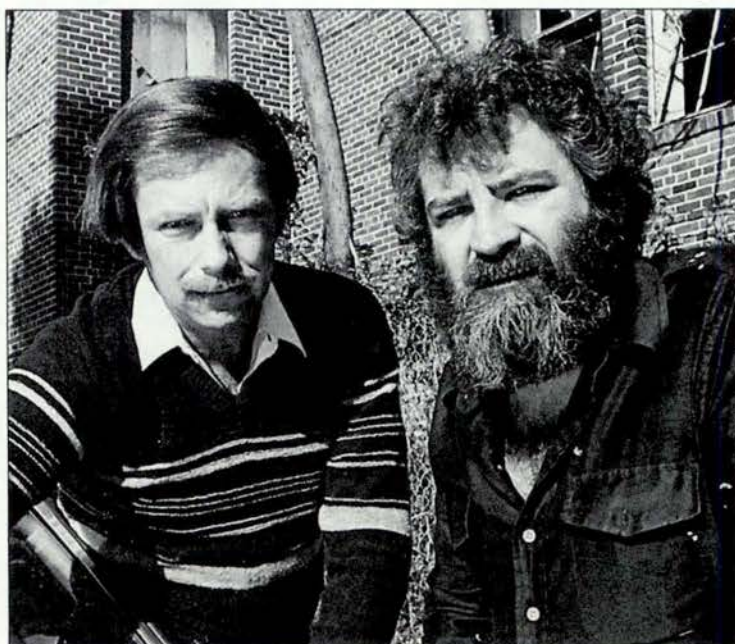
Lee Quarnstrom



Rod Thorp



Matti Klatt



Jeff Prugh and Chet Dettlinger

A lover's triad, two murders and an intrepid newspaper columnist are the key elements of April's fiction, **THE HOLLYWOOD FILE**. **ROD THORP** will have you on the edge of your chair as he unfolds this strangely original yarn of sexual homicide. A former private detective and the best-selling author of several novels, Thorp is a master of the sleuth story. His book *The Detective* was made into the popular film starring Frank Sinatra and Jaqueline Bisset.

Being "on the rag" might be a locker-room joke from the male point of view, but it's far from a laughing matter for the countless women who suffer terribly before and during their periods. In this month's *Sex Play*, **PREMENSTRUAL SYNDROME: THE CURSE**, **FRANCESCA PORTER** takes an informative look at this agonizing condition, and offers suggestions on how a man and his partner can smooth over those rough monthly waters. Says Porter, a freelance writer who's been published in *Cosmopolitan* and other women's magazines: "When I began studying this material, I discovered how much it related to me. A lot of the arguments I've had with my husband have largely stemmed from my own premenstrual stress. Writing this article has made me aware of that, and it's allowed me to make others aware of it too."

Our always-hot lineup of erotic photography includes one of our most extravagant pictorials ever. In **WOOD NYMPHS' SONG**, photographer **MATTI KLATT** captures a fairyland of sensual pleasure. It took days of work by our set designers to create the picturesque environment for our nubile nymphs to romp around in. And it took the expertise of Klatt—who was born in Hamburg, West Germany—to do this production justice on film.

Covering stories that other publications avoid and creating exciting and imaginative pictorials that those others couldn't conceive, **HUSTLER** again proves why it has no competition in the world of men's magazines.

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Doug Fink of Asheville, North Carolina

before



after



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January Covergirl: I really enjoyed looking at the covergirl of your January issue. Man, oh, man, what I wouldn't do to get her to sit on my face! I get a hard-on just looking at her! You should let her do a centerfold. I would love to see that gorgeous sexpot's muff. She's welcome in my bed anytime. —T. R.

Snow Hills, North Carolina

The girl on the cover of your January issue was truly beautiful. I was very sorry not to find a pictorial of her inside the magazine. I hope she reads this so she'll know how much I appreciated her, and she'll consider showing HUSTLER readers more of her fantastic body.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

I just picked up your January issue, and the first thing that caught my eye was that bosomy, blond bombshell on the cover. I was very disappointed when I saw that she wasn't featured in a pictorial inside the magazine. Please do your readers a favor and give us more of this hot number in a future pictorial. You won't be sorry, and neither will your readers.

—Name Withheld by Request
Columbus, Indiana

Okay, we get the message! Look for a complete pictorial of our January covergirl in the June issue of HUSTLER.

Redheaded Beauty: As usual, your January issue was very enjoyable. I especially appreciated the two great pictorials of redheads: *Christmas Eve* and *Christi: Looking for Love*. Christi, in particular, was incredible. As a lover of redheaded women, I think she's the epitome of female sexuality. I loved the



Christmas Eve



opening photo of her cunt and ass. She has the kind of tits that are typical of a redhead: freckled, with very large, pink nipples.

—Buddy O'Neal
Oxford, Mississippi

Dirty Pool: I just had to write and tell you how much I enjoyed the photo-layout *Dirty Pool*, which appeared in your January issue. I'm a woman who has always enjoyed the rough, leathered look of bikers, and I have also fantasized about fucking four men at once. So this pictorial was especially exciting to me.

I have one complaint though. I noticed that only one of the fellows in the pictorial had his clothes off. Too bad. All of the men in that layout were fantastic-looking. And I'd love to have been the waitress on that pool table.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

The *Dirty Pool* pictorial in your January issue made me a pissed-off biker's ol' lady. You managed to depict bikers as homosexual, hairless, disco punks with sanded leathers and tattoos by Crayola. The bikers I know don't have to be made up to be men—it comes naturally. The next time you want to feature bikers in a layout, don't waste your time trying to transform Trans Am sportscar-driving preppies into Harley motorcycle riders, because it just doesn't work. When you want to do this type of pictorial again, I know four good-looking volunteers here in Houston who could show it like it is and do the bikers of this country justice.

—Name Withheld
Houston, Texas

I was so thrilled by your pictorial *Dirty Pool* that I nearly passed out! I was

amazed by the big, sexy, good-looking bikers dressed in leather and truly looking the part instead of looking like a bunch of dressed-up fag models. This pictorial displayed one of my all-time favorite fantasies-come-true. The guys even had wonderful cocks! And there were lots of juicy pictures too—you couldn't have done it better. —Diane Hopland, California

Marvelous Marlene: The world's first pregnant centerfold (*Marlene: Special Delivery*), featured in your December 1982 issue, was the most erotic pictorial I've seen in a long time. Marlene is such a gorgeous, happy, contented pregnant woman. Her beauty was captured perfectly by someone I consider to be one of the world's greatest photographers—Clive McLean. I also appreciated the fact that Marlene's cute toes were visible in most of the photos of her. A lot of other photographers ignore the fact that many men find women's feet attractive, and don't show them in their pictorials. This photo-layout was HUSTLER's crowning achievement of 1982.

—Tom N.

Address Withheld by Request



Christi: Looking for Love

Cartoon Critics: I recently saw two back issues of your magazine—October and November 1982—and I was appalled by the amount of racist humor they contained. In particular, many of your cartoons and jokes help to perpetuate age-old stereotypical misconceptions about black Americans.

HUSTLER obviously has published many well-written and informative articles over the years. However, if you continue to degrade black people with low-

level humor, your credibility will only be tarnished. —Melvin T. Ingram
Cherry Point, North Carolina

Your magazine sucks. HUSTLER is full of jokes that are in incredibly bad taste. You should all take these disgusting cartoons and so-called humor and stick them up your assholes.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Your special brand of HUSTLER humor is terrific. So I can't figure out why all of these humorless assholes keep writing in to your *Feedback* section to complain about your outrageously funny cartoons. Sometimes it takes me days to stop laughing, because I keep thinking about a particularly hilarious joke or cartoon I've seen in HUSTLER.

—Saeed Jabbar
Chester, Pennsylvania

Larry's Back! Three cheers for the return of Larry Flynt to the publishing staff of HUSTLER. Althea Flynt did a fine job of running the magazine while she was in charge, but somehow seemed to be lacking when Mr. Flynt tried to retire. HUSTLER is the best magazine in the world because it keeps the world informed with no punches pulled and all the facts laid out on the table. Keep up

the good work. HUSTLER is definitely a magazine for broad-minded people.

—E. Beyer
Mesa, Arizona

I'm happy to hear that Larry Flynt is back at the helm of HUSTLER Magazine. I am also happy to hear that he is no longer in such bad pain, and wish him good health and happiness. I look forward to many more years of his being in control of HUSTLER, along with his beautiful and strong wife, Althea.

—Vincent J. Franco
Jamestown, California

Welcome back, Larry Flynt! I have been a HUSTLER reader from the beginning, and I feel that Larry is a great man because he speaks his mind when others prefer to say only what people want to hear. This great country was made by men who spoke up for their principles, and Larry Flynt will go down in history as a great man with great courage.

—Pedro Naveiras
Newark, New Jersey

I was glad when I read in your January *Publisher's Statement* that Larry Flynt is back at HUSTLER. But I hope that this does not imply that Althea Flynt's influence over your magazine will be diminished in any way, or that we devot-

ed HUSTLER readers will be denied further access to her opinions.

Althea's presence was a welcome change for HUSTLER readers. If you take her away, she will be sorely missed. I respected her opinions as they were expressed in the *Publisher's Statement* page every month. Furthermore, as a successful female, she helped to promote the idea that HUSTLER is a magazine for both men and women. Please don't take away Althea!

—A. R. Freeman
Rockport, Texas

As Larry Flynt pointed out in his January Publisher's Statement, Althea will continue as Co-Publisher of HUSTLER.

Unbiased Review: Your January issue was truly wonderful because of the *8th Annual Unbiased Review of Men's Magazines*, by Murray Langston. The Unknown Comic is really funny and talented. Some of the lines he used in that review were classics. Keep up the excellent work, and welcome back to HUSTLER, Larry Flynt.

—Peter J. Erwin
Worcester, Massachusetts

Right now I am serving the second year of a seven-year prison sentence. Until I read your *8th Annual Unbiased Review of Men's Magazines*, by Murray Langston in the January issue, I really hadn't found anything to laugh about. The Unknown Comic must be a genius to be able to get a laugh out of me in this terrible place. I'd like to thank him—and HUSTLER Magazine too—for cheering me up.

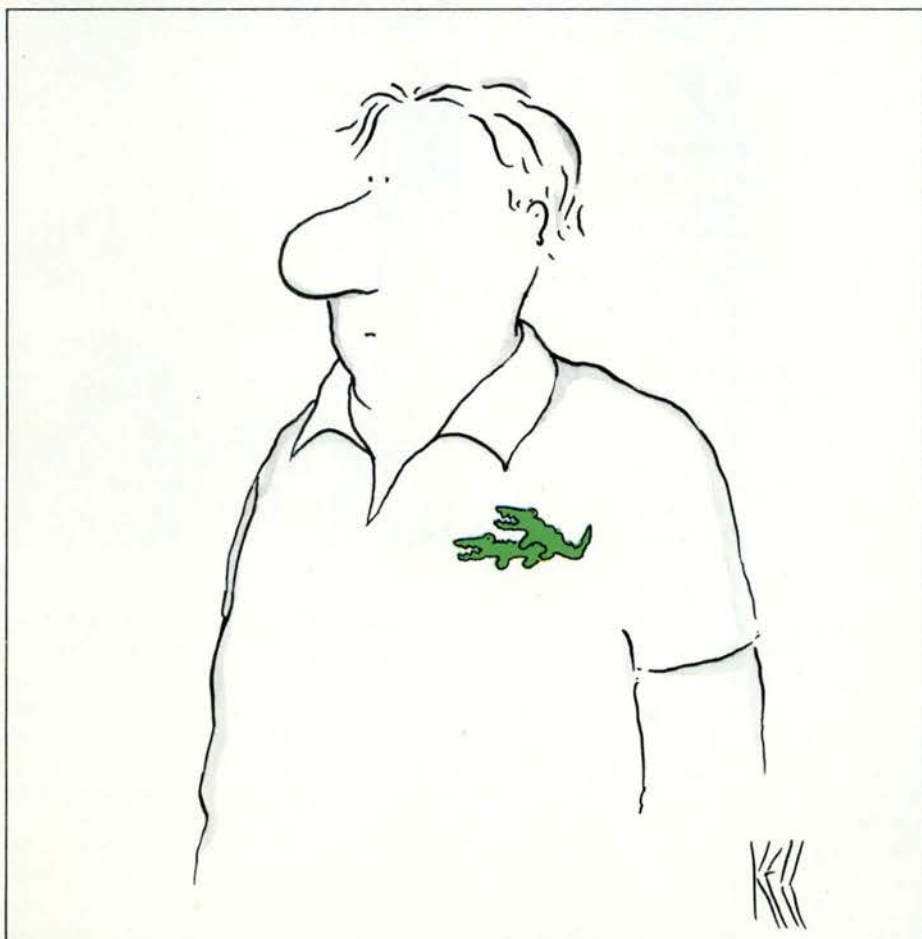
—Name Withheld by Request
Huntsville, Texas

Ban HUSTLER? I recently had the misfortune to read your magazine. I found the contents to be both perverted and disgusting. I was not entertained by your degrading pictorials, nor did I find any humor in your cartoons, which make light of the handicapped and the mentally ill.

Even though I don't advocate censorship, I feel HUSTLER should be removed from the newsstands because it offers nothing of any value to anyone. If you feel you are justified in selling your publication just because people buy it, you and the drug pusher have a lot in common. I think HUSTLER should be removed from the market until it prints materials that are worth viewing or reading.

—Joe Opoloski
Fitchburg, Massachusetts

You're entitled to your opinion. But don't say that you don't advocate censorship—because you really do.





"I carried this cross up here to die for you people, and you offer me
light beer? Ever taste light beer?!"

Hate Mail: I have bought my last Larry Flynt publication—January's *HUSTLER*. That issue's *Asshole of the Month* column shows your blatant anti-Semitism. What you printed in that was a pack of distorted lies. You must be a great admirer of PLO leader Yasir Arafat—he's your type. You are really the lowest, most bigoted Jew-hating bastards ever. I'm glad that Larry Flynt got that bullet in his gut, and I hope that he suffers through more and more pain. In fact, I hope that his pain never ends and that he lives to be 100. —Name and Address Withheld by Request

Come on, buddy. Since when does criticizing the actions of a country's head politician make anybody anti-Semitic? Do you think the 400,000 Israelis who marched against Prime Minister Begin are "Jew haters"? Or is your mind so filled with hate that you can't think straight?

I must compliment you on your choice of Bonnie Klein as December 1982's *Asshole of the Month*. Whatever she has going on in her head is beyond me. It's obvious that she's never had a good fuck. The expression on her face as seen coming out of the asshole of the donkey shows perfectly how much of a bitch this cunt really is. Personally, I think pornography is a great way to

show society what good, clean fun is all about. Klein will get absolutely nowhere with her efforts to prove that pornography is evil. You just can't put a great magazine like *HUSTLER* down, with all its wonderful pink beaver. Long live *HUSTLER*!

—Mike Flynn Jr.
Marlboro, Massachusetts

The Darker Side: Recently in your *Feedback* section I've noticed a lot of letters from people complaining about *HUSTLER* features like your three-titted centerfold, *Trina*, 300-pound *Lulu* or the explicit photos of venereal diseases. Well, I'd like to say "Fuck you" to all those people who wrote in to complain. They can't possibly imagine what it's like to be handicapped or to be grossly overweight or to have some terrible form of VD. I'll bet they didn't even know these kinds of things existed until they saw them in *HUSTLER*.

HUSTLER is a magazine that shows those self-righteous people the darker side of life. *HUSTLER* is an educational magazine, and if those stupid people would stop beating off long enough to read your articles and think about the contents of the magazine, they'd probably realize that. It's a shame those people can dish the shit out but can't take it.

—Roger Evans
Chesapeake, Virginia

Sex Laws: Your December 1982 issue contained a feature titled *Sex Laws of America*. It was very interesting, and I think there's a lot of room for more research into this area. If nothing else, the article was a great public service to *HUSTLER* readers.

—Name and Address Withheld by Request

Men and Abortion: John Tido's *Sex Play* "Men and Abortion," in your January issue, was great. I'm a man who's been through three abortions, the last one with a woman I dearly loved and whose child I would not have minded fathering. I've experienced all of the traumas you mentioned, both physically and emotionally. Fortunately, my story has a happy ending: The woman later became my fiancée, and we are planning a June wedding.

Your *Sex Play* was obviously written by someone who knows what he's talking about. It's about time someone spoke out about the anguish men are forced to endure during an abortion.

—R. W.
El Cajon, California

REJECT Ripoff? I recently purchased a copy of *HUSTLER REJECTS* Volume 6 for \$3.95 plus tax. What a ripoff! Needless to say, I purchased this magazine expecting more of the kind of women featured on the cover—gorgeous. In my opinion, only four of the almost 90 photographs in the magazine were truly erotic.

I've been a freelance photographer for the past several years, and I'm sure I could have done a much better job than the guys who photographed the sets in *REJECTS*. The photos in that publication certainly lived up to their claim: They weren't good enough to be printed in the regular monthly issues of *HUSTLER* Magazine.

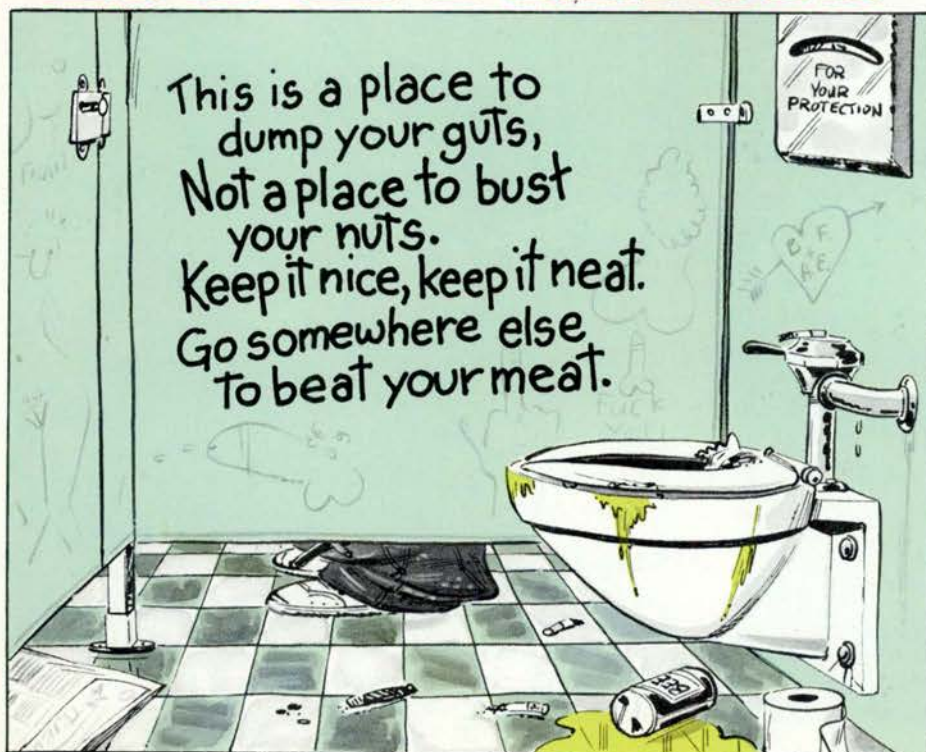
—John P. Staten Sr.
Richland, Washington

Beaver Fan: Cheryl, featured in your January *Beaver Hunt*, is the best Beaver you've ever had. A star is born! I would like to be the first member of the Cheryl Fan Club. How can I see more of her?

—Name and Address Withheld by Request

You're in luck. Cheryl of St. Augustine, Florida, was selected as one of our *Beaver Hunt* winners, and is featured in a full pictorial in the current issue of our annual *BEAVER HUNT* Magazine. If you can't find *BEAVER HUNT* at your newsstand, send \$3.95 plus \$1 for postage and handling (\$2 for multiple orders) to: Flynt Subscription Co. Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944).

GRAFFILTHY



Thanx and \$25 to C.L. Longview TX

World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

A hospital janitor in Kingsport, Tennessee, was arrested after allegedly trying to extort panties from a female fellow employee. Lynn Edward Butcher was charged with writing a series of threatening notes demanding that the woman employee leave up to nine pairs of panties in her locker. When Max Peters, head of hospital security, learned of the notes, he bought five pairs of panties and marked them with an invisible powder that turns blue when wet. Police later found Butcher sitting in the women's locker room, with his hands stained blue.

Who would send diet pills to starving Cambodian refugees? Some sickie with a twisted sense of humor? Wrong. According to the United Nations World Health Organization, some charitable organizations are sending pretty weird aid to victims of overseas disasters. In 1980, refugees in Sudan were sent packages of appetite suppressants. In 1979 Detroit-based World Medical Relief sent Ayds diet powder to Cambodia. And following the devastating hurricane in Honduras back in 1974, homeless survivors suffering malaria and dysentery were treated to large quantities of laxatives.


It looks like hookers in Miami, Florida, have begun advertising their "product" through the use of billboards. The ads, which stand 48 feet high, read, "Date a Moonflower girl . . . tonight," and list a phone number. A spokesperson for Moonflower, a business that supplies ladies for "dates," says they have more than 120 employees, and it's up to the customer to discuss independently with the girl how he wants to spend his time. A Miami vice-squad detective says the Moonflower girls "will do anything. A lot of them are housewives who do it in their free time."

The Hawaii Supreme Court overturned the conviction of a Waikiki prostitute on the grounds that it was unconstitutional to search her vagina without a warrant. In a unanimous decision the court ruled that police did not have the right to perform an internal search of Candace Clark after they suspected her of concealing \$950 of allegedly stolen money in her vagina. The court said all such searches are illegal unless necessary to prevent injury or destruction of evidence. The justices said it was "unlikely" that Clark was concealing a weapon or that the money would dissipate or dissolve.

Miami police questioned a 29-year-old amputee after finding an artificial leg on the floor of a pharmacy that had been burglarized. Thomas Lawrence Kloo was stopped a block away from the scene of the crime when police spotted him standing barefoot on only one leg. Kloo admitted that the artificial leg was his but explained that since he had no place to stay, he'd stashed his personal belongings around the neighborhood. Police didn't bother to ask him where he'd stashed his brain.

A Swedish scientist has developed a device that, when placed at the entrance to the stomach, can trigger an alarm miles away whenever the problem drinker starts tipping again. Eric Tell of the Malmo General Hospital in Sweden reports that the device, which is inserted down the throat, could also be adjusted to trigger vomiting when alcohol comes in contact with it. It's bound to be a big hit at parties.

A Minnesota woman who changed her mind following a sex-change operation has filed suit against four doctors. Claiming she was the victim of a "short-term delusion," Christine Lynne Oliver, formerly James McQuiston, charged that the doctors should never have permitted the operation to take place and that they failed to follow established procedures when determining her fitness for surgery. Not long after the sex change, Oliver reverted to wearing short hair and long pants and is thinking of changing her name again.

Two Salvation Army sisters were sentenced to jail in Northampton, England, after admitting to soliciting minors for Satanic sex and black-magic rites. Sisters Sue Smith and Carole Hickman told the court that they believed that Smith's husband was Satan and that they were servants whose mission was to find young schoolgirls to satisfy his lust. The youngsters were branded with red-hot daggers during naked sex romps in front of a homemade altar in Smiths dining room. Arguing for leniency, the defense lawyer told the court the two sisters had now "repented and turned again to God." 

Amazing

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Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address it to: **HUSTLER, Advise & Consent Editor**, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Edited by Karen Thompson

Intercourse Pain: My girlfriend sometimes has terrible pain when I push my cock deep inside her vagina. Lately she has been placing her hand around the opening to her vagina to create a shield so that I cannot penetrate her too deeply. This is awkward. Is there a better way to prevent this pain? —M. T.

Ann Arbor, Michigan

Possibly. If your girlfriend has seen a doctor and no medical cause for this pain can be found, one solution is for her to continue using her hand as a shield to prevent deep penetration. But since you find this awkward, perhaps it would be better to try a different position that lessens penetration. That way you can avoid deeper penetration more naturally. Lying side by side is generally considered the best position to avoid deep penetration.

But we think it's foolish to simply try to avoid the discomfort. Pain upon deep penetration usually indicates the presence of some type of disorder in the uterus, ovaries or other internal pelvic structures. Pelvic inflammatory disease or an ovarian cyst are possibilities. Or your girlfriend could have a nongynecological problem, such as an inflamed colon. If it is a medical problem that can be diagnosed and cured, the two of you won't have to worry about preventing deep penetration.

Loose Pussy: I have heard about an exercise that can make my vagina tighter. Is this really possible? My boyfriend has complained that I seem "loose." —P. P.

Orlando, Florida

The exercise that you have heard about is called the "Kegel exercise," and there is a good possibility that this can help make your vagina tighter. The Kegel exercise (better known as Kegeling) is named after Dr. Arnold Kegel, a California gynecologist. Kegeling involves exercising a group of muscles known as the pubococcygeus, which run from the bottom of the tailbone in back to the pubic bone in front. They support the uterus and bladder as well as the sexual organs, and are commonly called the PC group.

To exercise these muscles, contract and release as if you were starting and stopping

the urine flow. If you place a finger into your vagina while you are doing the Kegel exercise, you should be able to feel the muscles as they contract and release. Sex experts Dr. John Perry and Beverly Whipple suggest squeezing the PC group for three seconds and then relaxing for three seconds. It is advised that you do the exercise whenever you can, and it can be done just about anywhere. You can get more detailed instructions in Kegeling by picking up the February issue of *SEX PLAY Magazine*. The back issue is available by sending \$2.95 (\$1.95 plus \$1 postage) to Flynt Subscription Co. Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9444).

Many doctors are now recommending Kegeling for women who feel the need to tighten their vaginal muscles. Dr. Eugene Linton, professor and chairman of the department of obstetrics and gynecology at the University of Tennessee College of Medicine, says, "For any patient who comes into the office with this complaint [loose vaginal], a conscientious trial of the Kegel exercise should be attempted." So exercise your PC group regularly. You and your boyfriend may find pleasant results!

Cocktail Climax: My girlfriend and I have been seeing each other for several years, and we began having sex about one year ago. However, she never climaxed during sex until she began hav-

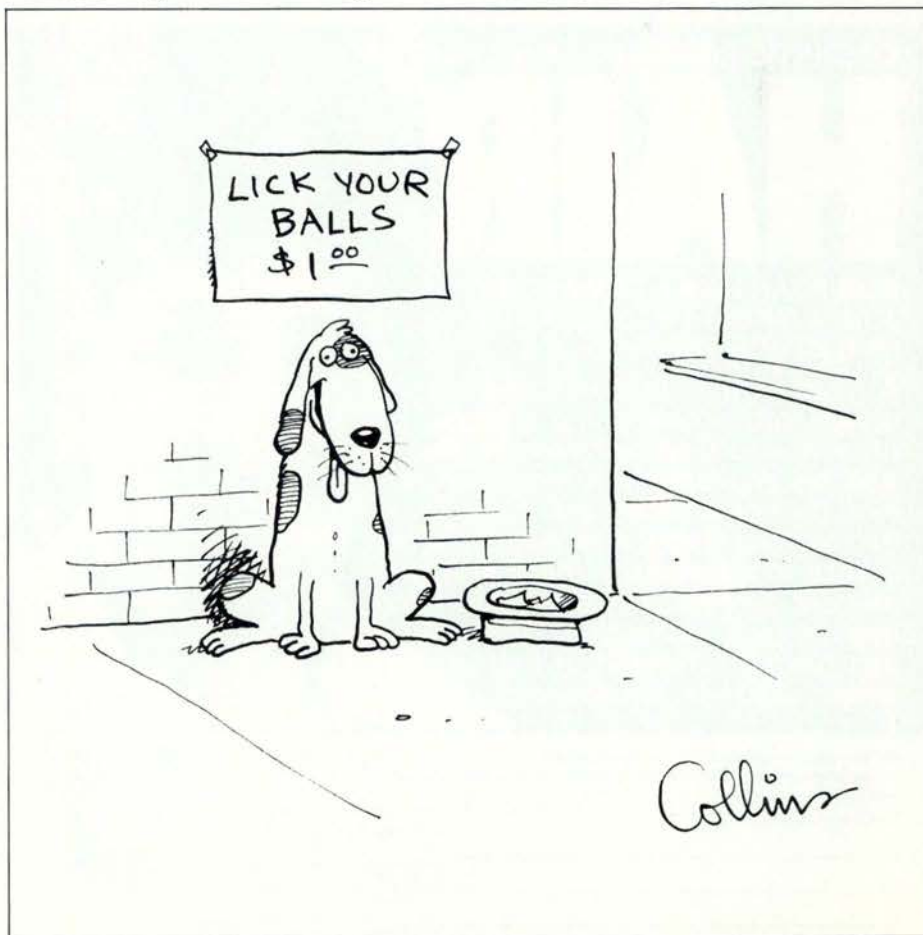
ing a few drinks before our lovemaking. Now she comes almost every time. Is it unusual for a woman to be able to come only after consuming alcohol? —K. J.
St. Paul, Minnesota

According to a study by the department of psychiatry and behavioral sciences at the Medical University of South Carolina, a modest intake of liquor prior to sexual relations can give some women greater sexual arousal and a more enjoyable orgasm. This is because alcohol depresses the part of the brain that registers sexual inhibition. Such inhibition is a common cause of failure to achieve orgasm.

Although the South Carolina study shows that booze raises the potential for orgasm in some women, keep in mind that other studies have shown that high blood-alcohol concentration reduces the physiological sexual arousal level. So if your girlfriend uses alcohol to lessen her inhibitions, it will also physically desensitize her somewhat. Thus, more time is needed for her to reach orgasm.

There is nothing wrong with using liquor as a relaxer and a mood setter. Just remember that too much drinking can lead to a dependency on alcohol. Keep your drinking at a moderate level and enjoy yourself.

Birth-Control Implant: A buddy of mine told me about some device that is



Collins

implanted into a woman's body, providing good birth-control protection for years. Have you heard of this? —F. L. Tyler, Texas

What your friend may have been referring to is considered by obstetricians and gynecologists to be the wave of the future. It's a capsule that, once implanted under a woman's arm, can provide up to seven years of virtually failure-free birth control. It does this in much the same manner as combination birth-control pills—by releasing the female hormones estrogen and progesterone into the body.

Although contraceptive implants are still in the experimental stage in this country, they are available and used in several overseas nations. The response by American women involved in experimental use of the implants has been overwhelmingly favorable. For one thing, the implant is much more convenient than traditional birth control. Once the procedure is performed, nothing else needs to be done. When conception is desired, the implant is easily removed.

Furthermore, studies have shown that women using the implant suffer fewer side effects than those on the Pill. Perhaps most significant of all, the failure rate of implants is only 1.8%. That, according to Dr. Daniel Mishell Jr., chairman of the University of Southern California's obstetrics and gynecology department, is "lower than anything except sterilization."

Until these contraceptive implants are approved by the Food and Drug Administration (which will probably be within seven years), you and your partner will have to stay with what you've been using. But, as Dr. Mishell points out, "implants are going to be a big thing."

The upcoming May issue of CHIC Magazine includes an in-depth look at this "wave of the future." It's recommended reading if you're interested in contraceptive implants.

Heart Trouble: About three months ago I suffered a heart attack. I have heard much about men dying of heart attacks during sex, and I haven't had sex with my wife out of fear of this happening to me. Will I ever be able to enjoy a normal sex life again? —T. R. Bend, Oregon

There is no reason why not. According to Dr. Sherwin A. Kaufman, author of *Sexual Sabotage*, anxiety about resuming a normal sex life following a heart attack is more dangerous than the sex act itself. Heart-attack victims almost always suffer a great blow to their egos. They lose confidence and with it their sense of power and potency. This or any other kind of anxiety can be detrimental to the heart. On the other hand, the actual energy output during sexual activity is roughly equivalent to merely walking briskly or climbing a few flights of stairs.

Consult with your doctor about resuming your sex life. Generally, men are advised to wait between three and eight weeks after suffering a coronary. Cardiologists often suggest that most patients resume sexual activities with low-gear masturbation. This activity does not cause anxiety by demanding "performance." The natural next step is mutual masturbation. If you experience no discomfort in this, it should be safe to progress to intercourse.

Once again, talk over your sex life with your physician, and remember that many coronary patients have the same fear you do. In most cases, however, there is no reason why people who have had heart attacks cannot enjoy a normal sex life.

Sexual Fantasies: When I have sex with my wife, I usually find myself fantasizing about other things. Does this mean there is something wrong with our relationship? —B. J. Salem, Massachusetts

You have nothing to worry about. Research has shown that sexual fantasies are common to both sexes during lovemaking. Dr. David Sue, associate professor of psychology at the University of Michigan, interviewed more than 400 people (209 men and 212 women). He found that fantasizing during sexual intercourse was reported by the majority of the people of both sexes. Men said they started fantasizing early in life and had more fantasies involving an imaginary lover than did the women. Women said they had more violent fantasies and more fantasies involving members of the same sex than did men. Both sexes said they fantasized simply to become more turned on. The results indicate that fantasizing during lovemaking is a normal part of sexual behavior.

Prevention of Herpes: Instead of scientists spending all their time and money to find a cure for herpes after it has been contracted, why don't they develop something to prevent the disease in the first place? Is any work being done in this direction? —M. J. Stony Brook, New York

Yes. A vaccine that may effectively fight the herpes virus has been developed through genetic engineering at the University of Chicago.

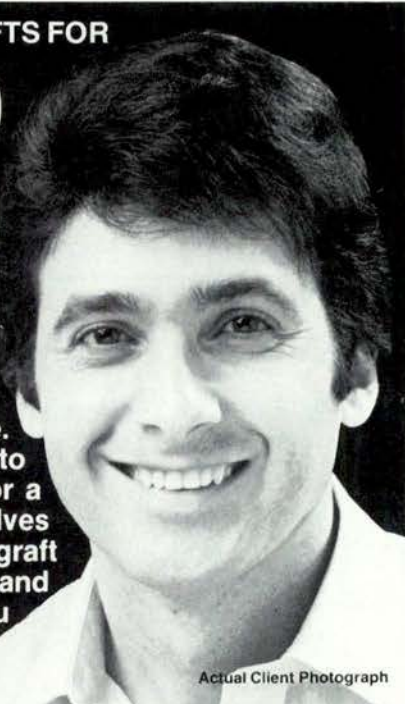
The single-shot vaccine, which involves a herpes organism that stimulates the body's immune system, has already been effective in animals. It will be tested on humans next year and could be available for public use in as little as three to five years. The vaccine cannot help those people already suffering from herpes, but Dr. Bernard Roizman, a molecular geneticist at the university, points out, "The vaccine could be administered at an early age—say, to high-school students." Perhaps preventive herpes medicine will be available in the near future.

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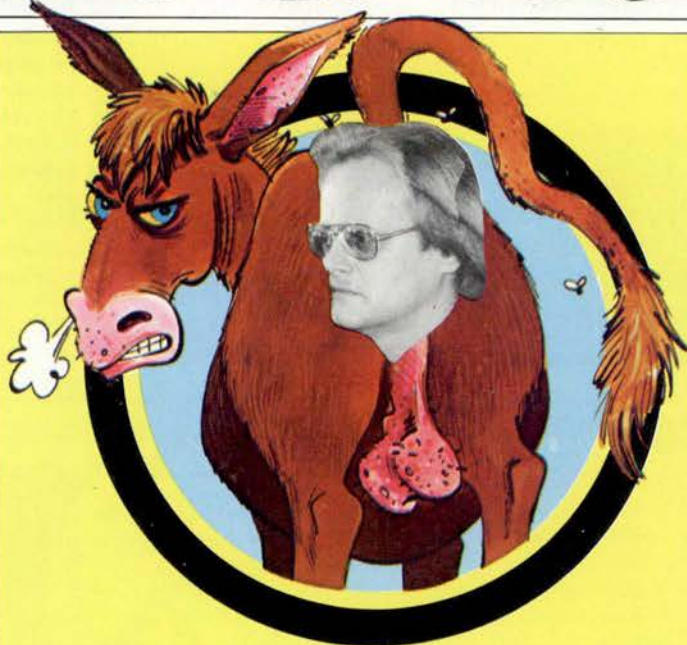
Bits & Pieces

Just when you think you've seen it all, along comes something so outlandish, so despicable and depraved that it almost seems to scream out for the award of Asshole of the Month. And that's certainly the case with the *North American Man-Boy Love Association*, otherwise known as NAMBLA.

Can you believe it? There is actually a group of gay men who are lobbying for the decriminalization of child molestation. Touted by such spokespersons as 41-year-old David Thorstad (a founder of the group), NAMBLA treats the sexual abuse of children by homosexual men *as if it were a political issue!* That's right! It claims that the civil rights of adult gay men are being violated by laws that prevent them from fucking young boys *of any age*.

Well, we at HUSTLER are here to say this is not a political issue—it is not even a *debatable* issue. It is, simply put, nothing more than a low and base act of child abuse. And no gang of organized perverts will change that fact, no matter what twisted rationalizations they attempt to use.

Nor do we think for a moment the American people will tolerate such sick rationalizations as NAMBLA has to offer. For example, it claims that "sexual liberation cannot be achieved without the liberation of children.... Children need to gain control over their lives.... The best mother (or father) for a boy is one who gives him the freedom he needs to explore himself and the world around him.... The child himself



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH David Thorstad

should have the right to decide whom to live with, whether a lesbian mother or a gay father, the 'natural' parents, a boy lover, or someone else." NAMBLA, of course, puts quotes around the word *natural* to indicate slyly that there is something inferior about paternal relationships.

Want some more of this drivel? How about Thorstad's suggestion that "homosexuality is good not only for adults, but for young people as well"? Or how about the self-serving and convoluted rationalization

of NAMBLA member Bill Andriette, who was quoted in the gay press as saying, "We recognize that sexual abuse of children does occur, and we deplore it. But we also know from experience that meaningful, consensual sexual and emotional relationships can occur between men and boys"? "Meaningful" sexual relationships? Between an adult and a six-year-old? Or a 13-year-old? Does anyone reading this believe that these people are not desperately lacking mental health?

The whole sad and dis-

gusting group of sodomizers first gained attention in the press when authorities recently established links between NAMBLA members and the disappearances and kidnappings of children. In one instance, 13-year-old Charles Dyson (who was found at the New York Port Authority Bus Terminal after having been missing for a month) led authorities to a house in Greensboro, Vermont, where Harold Baker was charged with Dyson's kidnapping. Less than a month earlier, two NAMBLA members were arrested during a raid on a Massachusetts house that yielded 200 pounds of man-boy pornography.

Founded a little more than four years ago, after two dozen men were arrested in Boston for sex crimes, the organization (reportedly having 500 members) now claims to be "political and educational," with a "libertarian, humanistic outlook on sexuality." Even more shocking in its own way are press reports that alleged NAMBLA members who've been arrested include a New York City neurologist, an Ohio politician and a California physicist. At least one bank official, a computer salesman and department-store manager were also known to be involved with NAMBLA in one way or another.

Whatever Thorstad and his group want the public to think, their goals have no place in a society that cares about its children. America's greatest resource is its children, and no decent citizen will sit still while a group like NAMBLA attempts to legalize child abuse.



To Beer or Not to Beer

Nude Beer is ready. Is America ready for Nude Beer? Apparently, the government says no. After seeing the topless woman on the bottle, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms decided it couldn't be sold in the U.S. Said William Boam, Nude Beer's head (no pun intended): "I don't feel the naked body is obscene, and this is an illegal restraint." To protect minors, the beer is six-packed in a cardboard box with no nudes on it. Boam plans to fight all the way to the Supreme Court if necessary.

Nude Beer T-shirts for adults are available for \$9.95 plus \$2 handling from Nude Beer (1542 Moulton Parkway, Suite B, Tustin, CA 92680). If you can't get drunk on the beer, maybe you can get shirt-faced.

Out of Control

Has it ever been a year for stoned celebrity drivers! Johnny Carson, Susan Anton, Congressman Philip Crane and Jan-Michael Vincent have all been picked up for driving while intoxicated.

And how about Richard Dreyfuss? In the film *Who's Life Is It Anyway?*, Dreyfuss portrayed a guy who wanted to die because he was paralyzed from the neck down following a driving accident. Then, in real life, Dreyfuss wraps his car

around a tree in Beverly Hills, California, and the cops bust him for possession of cocaine!

There's more than enough material here for a gossip magazine—just like the one we're suggesting below. And, unlike others, there's a very positive side to this sort of "scandal" mag. It would sure make the idols of millions think twice about the bad examples they're setting.

If you're going to make a big splash in Hollywood, it's best to do it on the screen and not on the streets.



Dense Pack

Ronald Reagan believes in the "dense pack" strategy for MX-missile deployment. We think the "dense pack" is the military chiefs of staff. But if Ronnie's

really confident about the idea, here's his chance to back it up with actions.

All he has to do is install the missiles on the White House grounds. Then we'll know the only *Red scare* he's afraid of is running out of hair dye.

Upside-Down Cake

Some people just dive into a cake before anyone else gets a chance... but smothering to death to get the first bite is ridiculous. Actually, those aren't real legs, and this entire concoction is the fantasy of the bakers at X-Rated Cakes (9029 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069). This is a cake for the birthday boy who prefers head first.



THE GOSSIP MAGAZINE OF INTOXICATED DRIVERS

Rolling Stoned

RICHARD DREYFUSS
"Whose Insurance Is It Anyway?"

He-e-ere's a Ticket!
Johnny Carson's
Favorite DWI Story

Swerving Around Town
With Susan Anton

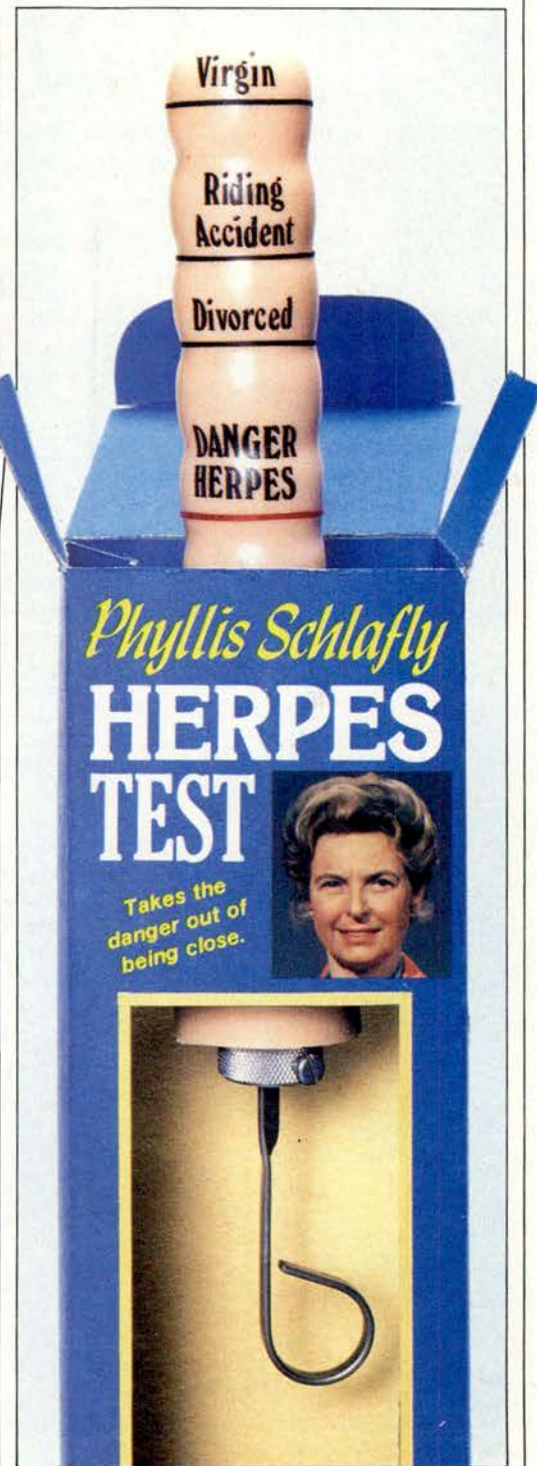
E. T. Boned Home

Yep, that's E.T. getting an extra-terrestrial fudge-packing from our buddy Georges Bernier, head of the crazy gang at *Hara-Kiri*. We must admit, the world has been taking this E.T. thing a bit too seriously, and this French magazine's satire on it is certainly a breath of fresh air. We've been E.T.'d till we're ready to OD. Wonder if the little fellow will phone home about this?



Danger in the Deep

According to anti-ERA spokesperson Phyllis Schlafly's organization Eagle Forum, the only way to avoid herpes is to "remain a virgin until you marry, marry a virgin and remain faithful to each other." If you accept that theory (which is ridiculous because herpes can be passed by kissing, and even virgins kiss), how do you tell if a girl's a virgin before you take the plunge? If Schlafly really wants to help, she could come out with a product like the one we've created. It works like an oil dipstick: The farther it goes in, the greater the danger of herpes. Right, Ms. Schlafly?



Bare Barbeau

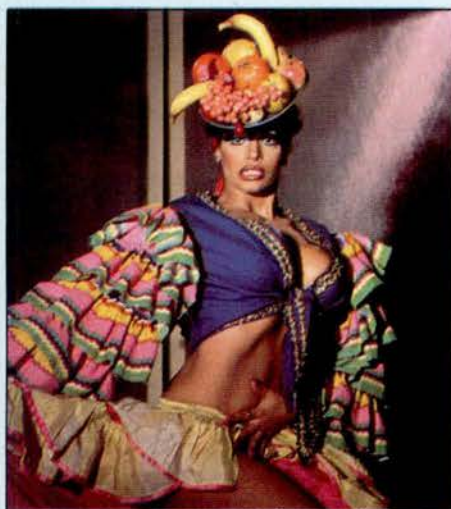
We showed you Adrienne Barbeau's tits first in the September 1976 issue of *HUSTLER* and then again in our November 1979 issue. Since then, Adrienne has left television (*Maude*) to make a number of feature-length motion pictures (*Escape From New York*, *Swamp Thing* and most recently the popular horror flick *Creepshow*). Something else has happened too. More photographs that look suspiciously like Adrienne and her bountiful boobs have come to our attention.

This time they're on stag-deck playing cards. The makers of those cards probably never dreamed that their customers might be playing with decks stacked with a star like her. Boy, did she ever get around before her career bloomed! And it's a good thing, or we'd never have seen anything but cleavage once Adrienne became a "respectable" actress. Isn't it funny how fame can make a person more modest?





HUSTLER'S 7th ANNUAL EROTIC FILM AWARDS



BEST FILM
The Dancers



BEST ACTOR
John Leslie, *Nothing to Hide*



MOST ACCOMPLISHED CUNNILINGUIST
Annette Haven, *Peaches and Cream*

There's no business like show business, and no one shows us more than the adult-film industry. And to help that industry provide the public—our readers—with just the sort of entertainment they're looking for, HUSTLER presents its seventh annual Erotic Film Awards.

Since you readers are the ones who voted, using the ballots provided in our November 1982 issue, this is really your page. This is your way of telling the X-rated-film producers exactly what you liked best about the movies you saw and what you'd like to see more of. If a general upgrading in the quality of both cinematography and writing is any indication, the filmmakers seem to be listening. 1982 was the best year yet for adult films.

Sure, there were some losers. But anyone who saw *Heaven's Gate* or *Grease 2* knows that lousy filmmaking isn't restricted to porn. Adult-film producers just don't spend as many millions to do it. On the other hand, we haven't seen any major breakthrough X-rated films that will lead the industry to respectability either. So far, the closest porn has come to *Gone With the Wind* is when some actress runs out of breath trying to give John Holmes a blowjob.



BEST DIRECTOR
Anthony Spinelli, *The Dancers*



BEST SEX SCENE — Jamie Gillis and Veronica Hart, *Wanda Whips Wall Street*

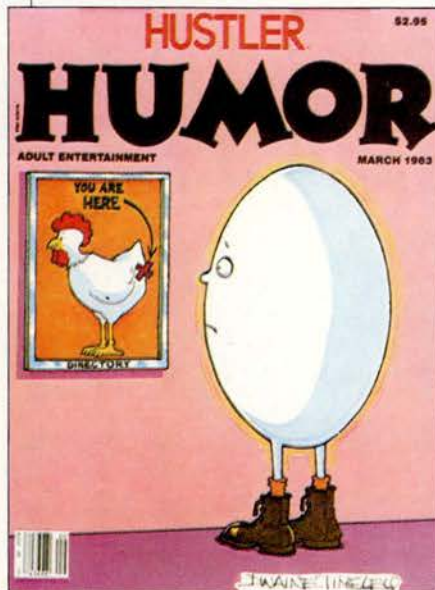


BEST ACTRESS
Annette Haven, *Peaches and Cream*



MOST ACCOMPLISHED FELLATIO ARTIST
Annie Sprinkle, *Deep Inside Annie Sprinkle*

Humor Yourself!



HUSTLER's cartoons are known around the world as the most outrageous belly-busters ever to color a printed page. So we thought we'd take this opportunity to let our newer readers know about a bi-monthly magazine devoted entirely to those cartoons—HUSTLER HUMOR. It's 64 pages of hilarity featuring all-new masterpieces from HUSTLER's infamous cartoonists. If you can't find it at your local newsstand, you can have the latest copy delivered to your door by sending \$2.95 plus \$1 for postage to Flynt Subscription Co. Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944).



From Rags to Riches to Ronnie

What's that you say, bunky? You put every dime you had plus ten to 20 years of hard work and sweat into your own business, and now, just a few Reaganomic years later, the whole shebang's gone down the tubes? And you're mad as hell but don't know what to do about it?

Tell the whole world! With HUSTLER's handy-dandy "Ronnie Reagan Bankruptcy Kit" you can show everyone how you did your part for Ronnie's economic policies by eliminating just one more unnecessary business. The set includes a tin cup and pencils for future employment, and a rope for the small-business men who are at the end of theirs.

PUBERTY

She's beginning the toughest time of her life.



Reel Life

What period in history is this movie about? We couldn't let Sylvester Stallone's blockbuster film get by without some com-

ment on its title. Wouldn't it be nice to see blood without violence in a movie for a change? And this looks like the kind of film you could really become absorbed in.

What's Up, Doc?

It's almost Easter, and look what this crazy jerkoff is doing. He's supposed to *hide* the eggs, not fertilize them!

If it weren't for this hare-raising greeting card from our friends at Rockshots (51 W. 21st St., New York, NY 10010), the public would never know how the Easter Bunny is sitting down on the job. You'd better check the centers of those marshmallow eggs carefully, folks.



Copyright © Roberto Rabanne 1982



A Class of Touch

The University of Colorado's board of trustees wasn't happy to find its medical department was spending \$7,000 a year on a class to teach coeds how to have orgasms. One trustee called the class (our version is shown above) "frivolous and absurd." But students defended the course, held by the Women's Orgasm Concern Group, charging

that the trustees were out of touch. The seriousness of the sexual ignorance suffered by university women struck us when one college junior said, "What students are looking for today is very different from what it was 20 years ago." As far as we know, it *hasn't* changed one bit. Not since the last time we looked anyway.

WHO WAS "DEEP THROAT"?

☒ CHECK YOUR CHOICE:



☐ ALEXANDER HAIG



☐ PAT NIXON



☐ HENRY PETERSEN



☐ LINDA LOVELACE



☐ HENRY KISSINGER



☐ MAMIE EISENHOWER

Someone code-named "Deep Throat" spilled the beans to the *Washington Post* about the Watergate cover-up. John Dean says it was Alexander Haig. John Ehrlichman says it was Assistant Attorney General Henry Petersen. But HUSTLER Magazine wants its readers to decide. Check your favorite big mouth and let Tricky Dick know for his next book.

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Gun-control proposals all went down to defeat in the last election. Maybe registering and limiting handguns isn't the answer. How about making them part of our credit system? Since they're being used to ac-

quire "purchasing power" by people who are short on cash anyway, why not give them charge numbers and a credit limit? Then credit companies could provide the control. A misused credit gun would be taken away faster than you can say "approval denied."



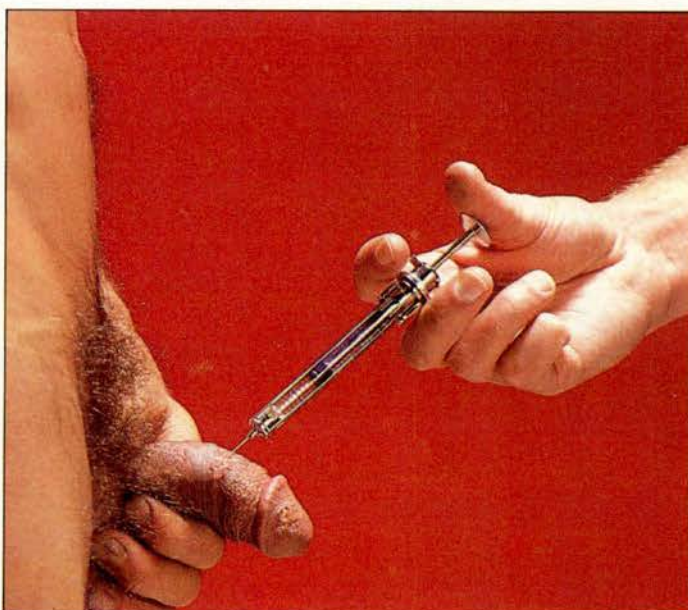
Bump 'n' Grinder

Why shouldn't an enterprising young guy try to make money on the side by giving an old occupation a new twist? It might raise a few eyebrows, but out-of-

work strippers will probably go for it. A lot of them end up on the street cranking some guy's organ anyway. With this job, the guy cranks his own organ.

A Cure for Herpes!

HUSTLER has gotten word of an *extremely* promising cure for herpes developed by a Los Angeles physician who is a leading researcher in the field. It will be unveiled soon to the California Medical Association. Watch the *Sex Play* column in our July Anniversary Issue for the full scoop! We can tell you now that treatment involves an injection into the penis or vagina. If that sounds bad, you haven't had herpes. This may be the most sensational virus cure ever, and HUSTLER is bringing it to you first!

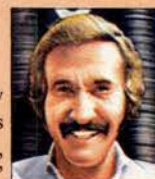


HUSTLER Update

MARTY ROBBINS

January '82

"I don't know why God lets me go on living, but He has," country singer Marty Robbins told HUSTLER in our exclusive profile. "I've experienced death so many times, I should be dead. I've had wrecks at 187 miles an hour; I had the open-heart operation where I almost lost my life." Robbins, who had 18 number-one country records during his 30-year career, died recently in Nashville, Tennessee, following his third heart attack and quadruple-bypass surgery. Best remembered for his classic ballad "El Paso," the singer was 57 years old. At his funeral the Reverend W. C. Lankford said, "Marty mended thousands of broken hearts each year as his songs touched the very soul of America."



Door Belle

Want to show your friends you've got *class*? Or at least something that rhymes with it? Stick one of these in your entryway and watch the world beat a path to your door! No more corny bells and buzzers—just a lady to announce a visitor as soon as he rings her chimes. But be sure your guests use *fingers* only. No one needs a pregnant doorbell. We suggest a sign saying, "No deliveries in rear."



Platinum Blah

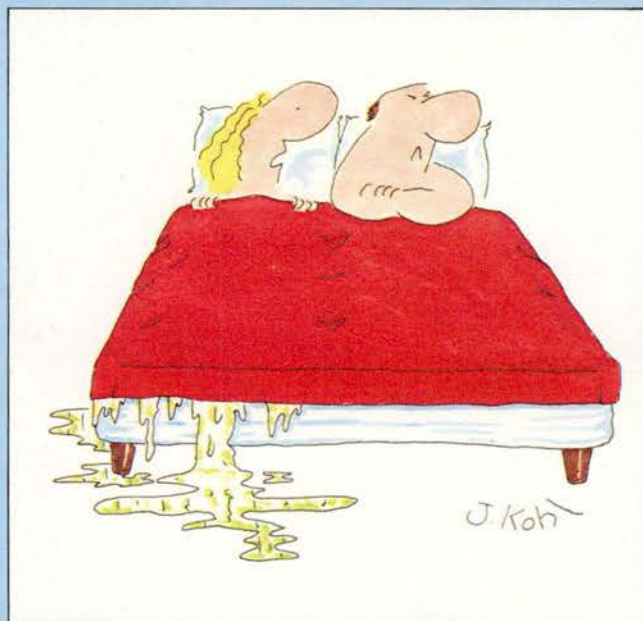
When men's magazines like *Dude* and *Dapper* are just a memory, *Platinum* will be totally forgotten. It's a throwback to the 1960s, complete with bland pictorials and boring articles like "Men's Furs: 1982-83 Preview." As for the girls, all the beaver is in the article on men's furs. *Platinum* is really competition for fashion magazines like *GQ* rather than men's publications like HUSTLER. The publisher says his magazine (which costs \$5 an issue) is "not trying to 'hustle' women." Maybe that's because it's too busy hustling the public.

CHEMICAL AND GERM WARFARE
February '83

HUSTLER's exposé warned that the U.S. and the Soviet Union were developing terrifying chemical and biological weapons that could push us into nuclear war. Now the Reagan Administration has produced physical evidence—including a contaminated gas mask pulled from the head of a dead Russian soldier—that the USSR has been using chemical weapons against guerrillas in Afghanistan since 1980. Meanwhile, columnist Jack Anderson noted, "The Pentagon's chemical-warfare defense program has turned into an expensive boondoggle that has wasted billions without developing the needed protective measures."



Most Tasteless Cartoon



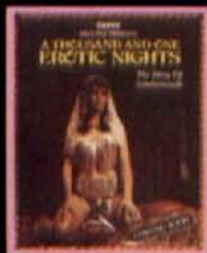
"Oh, come on, Frank!! You're not going to let a little yeast infection fuck up our sex lives, are you??"

Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$150 for Bits & Pieces items (or \$50 if two or more submissions are used in one B&P item). Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to any material submitted, but we'll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For April, \$150 goes to Aja Bufka and Raymond Tillman.

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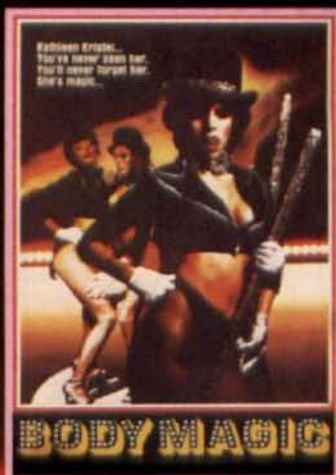
The first million dollar adult extravaganza! "Most looked for to erotic awards!" Starring Annette Haven!



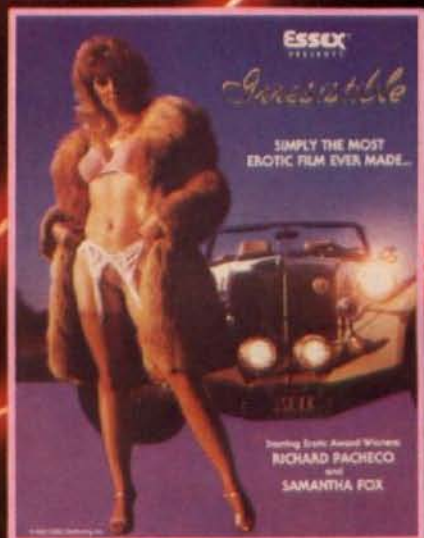
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EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Rodger Claire

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better productions.

Irresistible

Fully Erect. Produced by Sandra Winters; directed and written by Edwin Brown; starring Richard Pacheco, Samantha Fox, Dorothy LeMay, Star Wood, Gayle Sterling, Gina Gianetti, Nicole Black, Mai Lin, Lynn Francis, Billy Dee and Misha Garr. Running time: 100 minutes.

There should be some kind of rating for those rare films that have the slick, sensuous beauty of a well-made R-rated picture, yet still maintain all the hard-core eroticism of the dirtiest



Richard Pacheco and Samantha Fox mix love and eroticism in 'Irresistible.'

double-X. *Irresistible* is such a film. From its rich, lush cinematography and beautifully designed sets to the intelligent and witty script, everything about this movie says class—and money. This film cost a bundle to make; the cast and crew sheets alone read like a small phone book. And the

final product is worth every penny.

Richard Pacheco stars as a hapless, henpecked Walter Mitty-type (his name is indeed Walter) who spends most of his time fantasizing about the girls he sees on the street. Pacheco gets a shot at the ultimate fantasy, however, when he's approached by a mysterious Yiddish-speaking old bumbler named Miracle Meyer, played by Misha Garr. The old man offers Pacheco the ride of his life in a time machine that takes him back through history and its most desirable women.

The first stop is history's hot-

test queen, Cleopatra, played by exotic and beautiful Star Wood. Cleo promptly shows Pacheco how a woman *really* likes to be fucked, climbing on top of the time traveler and writhing her way to a long, groaning climax that ought to fog up more than one screen.

On his second trip, Pacheco winds up in the bedroom of Romeo's famous heartthrob, Juliet, portrayed by a very young-looking and *very* sexy Gayle Sterling. Admittedly, it's a hard part to handle in a porn movie, but Sterling manages to pull it off, combining just the right degree of innocence and unconscious sensuality—particularly in a toe-curlingly erotic scene in which Pacheco shows a naive Juliet how to give the ultimate blowjob.

Pacheco has his final steamy interlude with the infamous Mata Hari (Nicole Black) in a dark stairwell. What Black does for a pair of nylons and garter belts is alone worth the price of admission. But like a ribald Ulysses, all of Pacheco's sexual wanderings lead him back to the sexiest lady of them all, his wife, played by the ever-delectable Samantha Fox. His last trip in the magic machine takes him back to their wedding day.

The sex is surprisingly natural, especially in an industry that too often confuses eroticism with gymnastics. *Irresistible* hits all the sexual bases—girl/girl, orgy scenes, oral and anal sex—but does so with a fresh, original and hauntingly erotic sensitivity. This picture recalls what so many forget: Good erotic art—like good

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.



Exotic Star Wood makes sure Pacheco has the right equipment in 'Irresistible.'

RATING GUIDE

- | | |
|------------|--|
| F | FULLY ERECT
Superior. A top production that delivers fullest satisfaction. |
| 3/4 | THREE-QUARTERS ERECT
Good. A well-made film that's guaranteed to please. |
| 1/2 | HALF ERECT
So-so. This may get you off, but its appeal is limited. |
| 1/4 | ONE-QUARTER ERECT
Poor. Don't expect much, and you won't be disappointed. |
| 0 | TOTALLY LIMP
A waste of time and money. Avoid this one at all costs. |



'Irresistible': Ever-delectable Samantha Fox gets some TLC from Pacheco.

sex—requires feeling and intelligence as well as a lot of good moves. —R. C.

Debbie Does Dallas II

Fully Erect. Produced and directed by Jim Clark; written by Paul Gatsby; starring Bambi Woods, Lisa Cintrice, Daniella, Belle Stevens, Ron Jeremy, Lisa Be, Ashley Welles and R. Bolla. Running time: 81 minutes.

If Bambi Woods isn't the best little cowgirl in Texas, she's got to be one of the cutest little porn stars in the business. And she's back again as the bubbly, wide-eyed girl-next-door Debbie Benson in this wild, shit-kickin', foot-stompin' sequel to *Debbie Does Dallas* (reviewed in *HUSTLER*, May 1979, rated Three-Quarters Erect).

And if you were one of those who went home limp and frustrated because Bambi never got around to really getting down in the first *Debbie*, you won't be disappointed this time. Bambi tackles more country bad boys in *Debbie II* than the Dallas Cowboys. The film is wall-to-wall sex; Bambi winds up on her back more times than Leon Spinks.

The story picks up just after Bambi has learned she didn't make the cheerleading squad. Down and out, she heads for the ranch of her long-lost aunt. Little does she know that her aunt has turned the place into a whorehouse.

En route, Bambi's waylaid by the sheriff (Ron Hudd), who backends her in a jail cell. Hudd, whose acting is stiffer than his prick, turns out to be a friend of the aunt and agrees to escort the ex-pom-pom girl to the ranch.

Once Debbie arrives, her aunt reluctantly agrees to let her stay, and she quickly learns the ins and outs of being a "working girl." There's plenty of girl-on-girl sex as Bambi meets the staff, including a marathon set between Daniella and Lisa Cintrice that covers just about everything two women can do to each other. But no sooner has Bambi found a nest than the town's Bible-thumping football coach (Ron Jeremy) and a group of deputies attempt to shut the cathouse down and retrieve the local football team, which makes a tradition of celebrating at the ranch after the season's last game. But Bambi has a plan, and the girls eagerly take on Jeremy, his football players and the rangers, one by one.

If the plot sounds familiar, it

should: The producers originally wanted to title the sequel "The Best Little Whore in Texas," until they were slapped with a lawsuit by the makers of the general-release hit *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*. But the movie suffers little from the name change; it's still a wild-and-wooly, fast-paced, sizzling montage of sexual delights.

Mention should also be made of a great first in adult films. In an astounding display, Lisa Cintrice somehow manages to deep-throat Ron Jeremy's ten chokable inches—a truly admirable feat.

out a lot of frills, *Debbie Does Dallas II* is just the kind of Southern comfort you've been looking for. —R. C.

Mascara

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced by Roberta Findlay; directed and written by Henri Pachard; starring Lisa DeLeeuw, Lee Carol, Mistress Candice, Lisa Cintrice, Tiffany Clark, R. Bolla, Ashley Moore, Ron Jeremy, Bobby Astyr, George Payne, Sean Elliot, Jessie Stewart and Ken Michaels. Running time: 84 minutes.



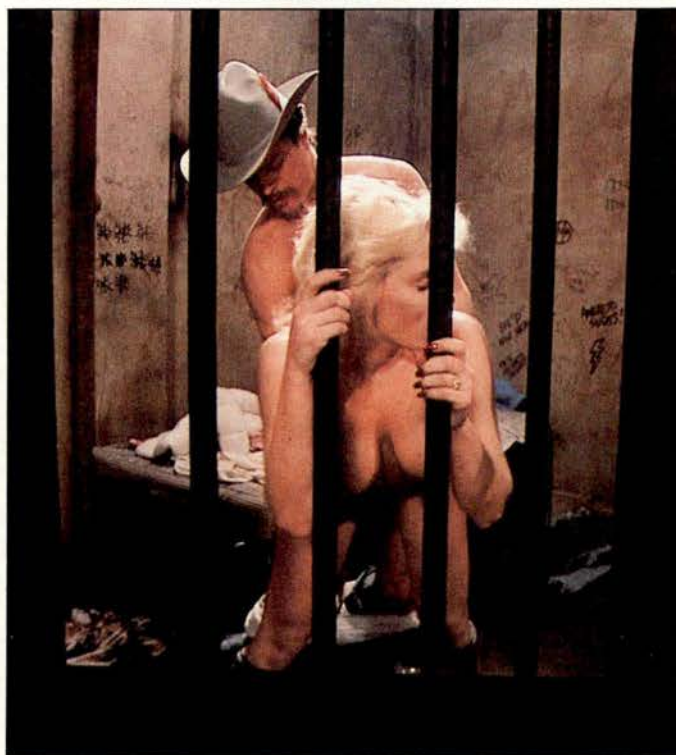
Riding high in the saddle comes natural for the good ol' boys in 'Debbie II.'

So if you're one of those good ol' boys who like a rootin' tootin' sexual hoedown with-

This movie is a kind of sexual voyage of self-discovery. But at times you get the feeling the navigator jumped ship. *Mascara*'s a well-made if not particularly well-thought-out film about a frustrated secretary who's looking for a little more out of life than a paycheck and an occasional, limp one-night stand.

Lisa DeLeeuw stars as the unfulfilled secretary whose sex life is as predictable as her 9-to-5 existence. Out on a blind date with friend Linda (Tiffany Clark) and two guys, DeLeeuw suddenly jumps on her date in the hope of ejecting some excitement into the evening. But while Ron Jeremy and Clark get it on in a steamy hot-tub set, DeLeeuw has to be satisfied with faking yet another orgasm with one more lame partner.

Finally, DeLeeuw stops her boss's prostitute (Lee Carol) as she's leaving his office one day and asks her for advice. Carol, who does an excellent job as the hard-boiled whore with a heart of gold, reluctantly agrees to meet with DeLeeuw later on.



Bambi Woods does some hard time behind bars in 'Debbie Does Dallas II.'



Ron Jeremy brings Tiffany Clark to the boiling point in 'Mascara.'

When DeLeeuw arrives for their meeting, she stumbles upon Carol in the midst of a humiliation session with a rich matron from uptown, played by Jinger Jaye. When DeLeeuw confesses she'd like to broaden her own horizons, Carol sets her up with a john (Ashley Moore) who has a thing for tit-fucking. DeLeeuw, endowed with breasts ample enough for half the Vienna Boys Choir, has no trouble handling Moore. She also gains Carol's respect, and the veteran whore agrees to tutor DeLeeuw in the ways of the world. Her lessons include a round-robin threesome with George Payne and Jessie Stewart, and a bizarre domination scene involving DeLeeuw, Mistress Candice and Bobby Astyr.

The problem is that we're never sure what DeLeeuw is being taught. Although she learns some tricks of the trade—like double-teaming Payne and Stewart in a two-for-one blow-job—the sex is loveless if not downright dispassionate. One could only hope that a quest for self-knowledge might teach the seeker a little more about love and humanity than where to put a stiff prick.

As an erotic journey, *Mascara* starts off as a good idea and even manages to deliver some exotic sights along the way. But, unfortunately, by the time

you land, you're not sure where the hell you are. —R. C.

Liquid Assets

Half Erect. Produced and directed by Robert Walters; written by Robert Walters and R. Allen Leider; starring Sanja Sorello, Samantha Fox, Tiffany Clark, Veronica Hart, Bobby Astyr, Sharon Cain, Lisa Be, R. Bolla, Ron Jeremy and Fred Lincoln. Running time: 83 minutes.

The makers of *Liquid Assets* repeat practically the same plotline as their last movie, *The Playgirl*. Similar to Mel Brooks' comedy *The Producers*, both sto-

ries center on a Broadway play that's purposely designed to lose money but winds up becoming a hit instead.

The best thing about *Liquid Assets* is newcomer Sanja Sorello, who plays Suzy. Her face and voice will remind you of Liza Minnelli, although the similarity ends where Sorello's great pair of knockers begins. Sorello plays a farmgirl (with a Brooklyn accent) who goes to New York to become an actress. The film's few erotic highlights come when she is taken advantage of by bad-news New Yorkers who grab a piece of her ass for favors granted.

Bobby Astyr, playing a wealthy industrialist, realizes he's not so wealthy all of a sudden. He teams up with his shifty lawyer and equally shifty accountant to invest in what they believe will be a sure box-office failure on Broadway. It stars Sorello, whose only talents lie conveniently and prominently between her neck and navel.

But when the "lousy" play finally debuts, it turns out to be a smash, delighting everyone but the crooked Astyr, who was counting on writing off the losses.

Liquid Assets does a commendable job of creating the excitement of a Broadway premiere. It also features a surprising scene with Ron Jeremy giving dictation to an inflatable doll and then fucking it. Otherwise, unless your favorite fantasy is seeing sexually gullible would-be actresses get taken advantage of, *Liquid Assets* will leave you dry.

—Dave Yuzo Spector



Torrid trio: Sharon Cain, Sanja Sorello and Lisa Be in 'Liquid Assets.'

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

Fully Erect

All American Girls
A Thousand and One
Erotic Nights
Deep Inside Annie Sprinkle
Foxtrot
Indecent Exposure
Memphis Cat House Blues
Scoundrels
Society Affairs
Talk Dirty to Me, Part II
Wanda Whips Wall Street

Three-Quarters Erect

Babe
Beauty
Body Magic
I Like to Watch
Intimate Lessons
Peaches and Cream
Purely Physical
Satisfactions
Taboo II
The Widespread Scandals
of Lydia Lace
Titillation
Wild Dallas Honey

Half Erect

N•U•R•S•E•S of the 407
Seven Seductions of
Madame Lau
Sorority Sweethearts
The Blonde Next Door
The Playgirl
The Tiffany Minx
Trashi
Undercovers

One-Quarter Erect

Anytime . . . Anyplace
Aunt Peg Goes Hollywood
Blue Jeans
Foreplay
The Cosmopolitan Girl
The Mistress

Totally Limp

Little Orphan Dusty, Part II
Starlet Nights
The Seductress

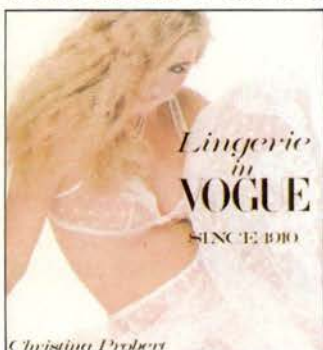
BOOKS

Reviewed by
Theodore Sturgeon

Lingerie in Vogue

By Christina Probert; Abbeville Press Inc., 505 Park Ave., New York, NY 10022; \$9.95.

Long before HUSTLER was born, *Vogue* magazine was the source of some pretty good cheesecake. And it still is, as



this book bears witness. Fanning through it will give you a quick overview of the history of women's lingerie—where it's been and what it's come to. The iron-bound, highly engineered corsets women used to cram themselves into around 1910 seem to have nothing in common with the front-fastening lace bra of today. But both, in their own time and in their own way, were designed to attract the male species.

Ms. Probert has a chapter for each decade from 1910 to the present. You see not only the

evolution of the garments themselves but also the change in the way the underwear has been photographed. The sexy shots of the scantily clad women of the '80s are a far cry from the regimented, black-and-white photos of the '30s. But even though times have changed, waistlines have come and gone, bustlines have raised, lowered or disappeared, and materials have gone from something like brick walls to almost-transparent silk, the message remains the same: A lady in lingerie is, in a strange way, just a little sexier than one who's totally nude.

Just flip the pages of this book, and see for yourself.

The Hate Factory

By W. G. Stone (as told to G. Hirliman); Dell/Paisano Publications Inc., Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301; \$2.95.

What would make you strap a guy to prison bars and boil out his eyes with a blowtorch, all the while keeping him conscious with smelling salts until he finally died? Can you see yourself tying a guy into a fetal position and then taking your place in line with seven other men to sodomize him and beat him with pipes?

You might do that, you know. I might. Here's a book that will tell you, until your stomach turns, how a human being can become that kind of. . . I was going to write *animal*, but I don't know of any animal that can be driven to this.



The beauty of the near-bare behind is captured in 'Lingerie in Vogue.'



1950s heartthrob Carroll Baker, one of many starlets in 'Screen Dreams.'

All it takes is doing time in a penitentiary. It's a place where your every word and every step are watched by guards and cons. They wait for you to slip up, looking to find a grudge that can turn into a vendetta, a beating or a murder. A few years of this, and the only self-respect you can find is to be more of a rapist, a bully or a killer than the next guy—knowing that the next guy is after the same thing. Soak in that for a few years, and one day something will happen to blow off the built-up pressure.

This is just what happened on February 2, 1980, in the state pen at Santa Fe, New Mexico—one of the worst, cruelest, most violent, most destructive prison riots in U.S. history. It was so bad that it caught the attention of the public and media and actually moved the state government to recommend some changes in the institution. The incident left scars on the bodies and minds of the men involved and on the lives of their friends and relatives outside. All tolled, the riot produced 33 murders and 30 rapes and assaults, for which

the local district attorney reported 125 men responsible.

W. G. Stone did two stretches totaling 14 years behind bars for armed robbery. Hirliman is a first-class fact chaser with a fine sense of narrative. There are stories throughout the book about conditions prior to the riot, the New Mexico prison system and the personalities of the cons, guards and officers. One of the recommendations the state made after the carnage was that prison guards have at least a high-school education. I hope officials make a mandatory study of this book part of that education. I hope you read it too and discover what works like *The Hate Factory* have been saying for years: *There has to be a better way.*

Screen Dreams

By Tony Crawley; Delilah Communications Ltd., 118 E. 25th St., New York, NY 10010; \$9.95.

This is a fun book, a "hey, wow" hunk of reading and looking. It's loaded with lots of full-page, full-color prints of Tinseltown's most famous poster girls—each one accom-

panied by a juicy paragraph of information.

The book picks up pinups from the late '20s, with the risqué, bare-breasted, often-stark-naked starlets in classic studio poses. Thereafter, when the Hays Office moved in (Will Hays was the chief censor for the whole movie industry for many years beginning in 1930), the pinups were covered and coy—and often just as sexy. In their never-never-land way, the cuties made you believe those beaches and jungles they cavorted in were *real* places.

The Hays Office had immense and arbitrary power, as had its various successors. Even as late as 1958 a hairy chest (on the guys, friends, not the girls!) was regarded as a source of moral corruption, and the stars were forced to shave them. There's a before-and-after picture of William Holden, who was barbered between takes of *Bridge on the River Kwai*. Look closely, and you'll see that they left the hair on his arms—lots of it—when they skinned his front end.

Among *Screen Dream's* spiciest photos are shots of several of today's biggest stars way back when they were but faces in the Hollywood crowd. The best examples are Angie Dickinson, captured at age 27 when she was known as Angelina Brown; a 1964 photograph of Jane Fonda; and a nymphetlike pose



'Screen Dreams': Mamie Van Doren as Eve under the apple tree.



Sex goddess Jayne Mansfield strikes an alluring pose in 'Screen Dreams.'

by Dorothy Faye Dunaway, who made her Hollywood debut at age 25. And it doesn't stop there. If you've got a favorite star, he or she is probably hiding somewhere in these pages.

The book's loaded with movie facts too. Here are a few examples: Rodolfo Alfonso Rafaelo Perre Philbert Gugliemi di Valentino d'Antongulio—a sometime waiter, busboy, grease monkey, gardener, chorus boy, gigolo and hustler—wound up being Rudolph Valentino, the legendary heartthrob who died at 31. Then there was English sexpot Diana Dors, who for some reason changed her name from Diana Mary Fluck. And, of course, the enticing Veronica Lake, who dispensed with her over-one-eye hairdo during World War II because so many young fans copied it and got their hair caught in war-plant machinery.

And so on. . . . *Screen Dreams: The Hollywood Pinup* is a gas.

For Each Other

By Lonnie Barbach, Ph.D.; Anchor Press/Doubleday, 501 Franklin Ave., Garden City, NY 11530; \$13.95.

Lonnie Barbach is probably best known for her book *For Yourself*, an influential attack on the taboos of masturbation. That work was addressed to women and amounted to a very careful, extremely readable handbook on how a woman can discover her sexuality by exploring her own body.

Barbach's latest book, *For Each Other*, describes the sexuality of both women and men. And it's about time. Added to the general misinformation about sex that has been disseminated for centuries is the deeply ingrained notion that it is more important for a woman to discover what turns her man on than vice versa. Until recently,

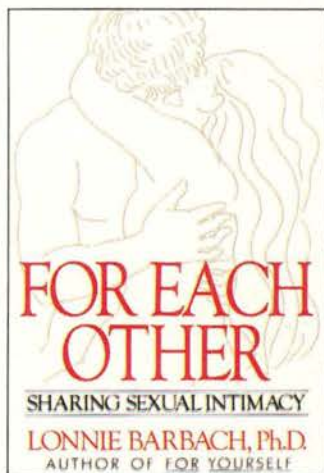
few experts have bothered to tell men what *women* really want, hence leaving the man to wallow in his sexual ignorance and the woman to ponder her perpetual dissatisfaction.

One of the most interesting sections of the book details all of the different variables that can upset a healthy relationship. Chief among these are power and jealousy. With respect to the latter, Barbach points out how so-called open relationships are not as easy to sustain as one might think.

Clearly, all of Barbach's books are worth reading by men. No matter how expert you may be, it's a fair bet that there will be something in her writing that you've never known before.

She goes into such detail, in clear and understandable language, about the male and female orgasm and that marvelous matching of nerve and flesh which makes it all happen, that you just have to discover something new and worthwhile. And the more you learn, the better lover you'll be; and the better lover you are, the more good loving you'll get.

In *For Each Other*, Barbach will tell you all about the female orgasm and the fact that some women can reach it easily with one lover but not at all with another. She also illustrates the case of the woman who does have orgasms but is dissatisfied with them. Scattered throughout the book are exercises designed to strengthen certain muscles, improve your sexual



timing and arouse a partner—all for men and women to practice and perfect.

I highly recommend this book to *both* of you. 🍷

MY METHOD CAN MAKE YOU RICH! I'LL PROVE IT TO YOU... FREE

Hello.

My name is Gene Golden.

The statement I make in the headline above sounds pretty risky. But I am so confident that my book, *The Golden Road to Riches*, can lead you quickly and easily to the riches you want and deserve that I have no hesitation in making it. I ask only that you take a short time to give me a full and fair reading.



I will show you how you can attain big money and personal independence without risk.

How the luxuries you've always wanted, such as a second home, a yacht, an expensive car, are all within your grasp.

How the secrets of making a **FABULOUS INCOME** may be right under your nose, waiting for you to reach out for them.

How you can get the boss monkey off your back FOREVER without risking a penny or jeopardizing your present job.

I'll introduce you to real people who have found fantastic riches using my system.

Like Tom C. — who spent 15 years doing a humdrum job for humdrum pay. Now he makes six or seven times as much and works only 3½ days a week.

Like Jack W. — who was scraping by on a retirement pension when he started using this method part time. Now, after a lifetime of just getting by, he's rich — making so much money and having so much fun that he can't quit.

Like Brian F. — who is barely old enough to vote, but is well on his way to being a millionaire.

Like YOU, maybe. If you'll give me the chance I'll show you a side of yourself that not only craves the fabulous riches I have been talking about, but has the skill, the ability and the good fortune to see it and take it.

My book, *The Golden Road to Riches*, can lead you to a new kind of life where you will not only have the opportunity to make a lot more money, you will also experience a feeling most people never have... ever. **FREEDOM.**

Freedom is that rare condition of being able to do anything you want and satisfy only yourself.

Freedom is not punching a clock, not reporting to a boss, not having a time schedule except your own.

Freedom is keeping for yourself the fruits of your own labor. Freedom is having more money than you need.

You Are Unique

I've never met you, but I have a feeling you are unusual. You have done something that few people ever do... opened your mind to the idea that there may be a better way to organize your time... and maybe work a lot less to make a lot more.

Think of it this way. I run hundreds of ads in newspapers, magazines, radio, and TV. Millions of people have the opportunity to respond to my message. Yet only a small percentage do... and you are among them.

I suppose that's the way it has to be. If everybody had the secret, there would be no secret. If everybody were rich, nobody would be rich. Richness, after all, is not a matter of how much you have, but how much more you have than the other person.

Some Absolute Truths

What I just told you is the absolute truth, but it's hard for some people to swallow. If we grew up with religious training (and most of us did) we learned early to be self-sacrificing, generous, kind.

Later we learned that the kid who **owned** the ball had the power to get his own way in the game. He didn't necessarily use that power in an obnoxious way, but he **had** it.

In differing degrees, that's the way things have been arranged the rest of our lives. **Power** accrues to people who have **possessions**, and the more you have of either, the easier it is to get more.

For most people the biggest hurdle is to get the first little bit, the grub stake. Most people *never* get it.

Well, you don't need it. I'll show you it is possible, even easy, to start a lucrative business on a shoestring. I'll bet you have enough in your pocket right now!

Go ahead. Count what's in your pocket. Do you have fifty dollars? No? How about forty?

Don't worry. I'm going to tell you, step by step, how a real life person turned \$24 into several thousand in a matter of months... and ultimately into hundreds of thousands, with very little effort. And if \$24 is too much for you I'll show you how to do it for nothing! Zero! Zip!

I could not say these things if they were not true. Magazines and newspapers would turn down my ads.

But I don't blame you if you are suspicious, which is the sign of a keen mind. You're thinking that if big money were easy to make, *everybody* would be rich. But *most people* won't lift a finger to discover the secrets of fabulous wealth... secrets that you can have simply by reading my book.

And to put my money where my mouth is I'm going to make you a very unusual promise that no thinking person will be able to resist.

THE GENE GOLDEN PROMISE

Send for my book, keep it and examine my method for a full month, and I'll sit on your payment all that time. That's a full month you'll have to examine my book and my method without the risk of having to pay for it. You can even cheat me by using my method and returning the book. I'll never be the wiser.

But I know you won't do that! You'll be so busy making money you won't have time to think about fifteen bucks.

If you don't have a checking account you can send a money order or cash, and I'll sit on that, too.

If you have a Visa or Master Card you can charge it, either by mail or by telephone, and I'll sit on that for 30 days, too.

I'll even allow an extra ten days for shipment, to be absolutely sure you have the opportunity to examine my book for a full month and give it a full and fair reading. So I'll actually be holding your payment for 40 days.

I want you to be *positive* that I can and will help you find the incredible riches you've always dreamed of before you agree to pay for it.

Then, if you decide my method is not for you, if you don't think you can make the incredible money that I have by following my step-by-step method, you are free to return the book in unmarked condition * for a full and unquestioned refund of your original payment.

So you see there's no reason not to order my book this very minute, because the risk is all on me. Go ahead and do it. You won't be sorry. I guarantee it!

*Refund offer void if you write or mark in the book.

I start with an assumption and a goal.

The assumption is that you want money. (I'm not being facetious. Some people *don't* want money... just security and enough to get by.)

The goal is to help you find it. And I will. Quickly and easily. Or you pay me nothing!

Make no mistake, my method is not pie in the sky. I will show you how you can have a cash profit the very first day of operation.

It is not spiritual uplift or mind control. Positive thinking may help, but to make *real* money you need ideas, systems, procedures. *I will provide them.*

It is not in any way dependent on me or anyone connected with me. No salesman will call. **I will show you the way, but you will do it yourself**... and be deservedly proud when you attain your goals.

It does not require prior business experience or special training. My book will show you everything you need to get started... and to *succeed!*

My method is completely legal, ethical and honorable. You need never worry about your reputation.

The Golden Road to Riches will show you the rudiments and refinements of one of the safest and simplest, yet most profitable enterprises known to man. You can be the envy of your friends and the pride of your family.

You can have the knowledge, the skill, and most important, the **confidence** to move boldly into a new dimension of living. No matter whether you're a man or woman, 22 or 72.

Now listen to what some good friends have said about *The Golden Road to Riches*.

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I have known Gene Golden for ten years and have used this method for more than five years. I started with practically nothing and am now worth nearly half-a-million dollars."

T. Dale, Anaheim, Ca.

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J. Rosen, New York, NY

(Letters on file at publication office.)

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Christine English had been feeling edgy, almost crazy, all week. Little things were driving her up the wall. She and her boyfriend were arguing almost constantly. But when she came home that cold December night and it started all over again—the hostility, the bitter accusations—something inside her snapped. Shaking with rage, she followed her boyfriend into the street, climbed behind the wheel of their car, gunned the engine full speed and ran him over, crushing the young man to death against a utility pole.

At her trial, English's lawyer argued that at the time of the offense, she was experiencing "an extremely aggravated form of premenstrual physical condition" and could not be held accountable for her actions. The judge agreed and freed English on a conditional discharge, ruling that she had committed the crime under "wholly exceptional circumstances." For the first time in history a woman had been found innocent of murder because of the stress brought on by her period.

Although such extreme cases are rare, we are all familiar with the problems of the "curse." The monthly onslaught of tears, tirades, moodiness and downright orneriness has been dogging women *and* their men ever since we first climbed down out of the trees. Primitive tribes used to banish their women from the rest of the group for the duration of their periods. The ancient Hawaiians even had a special hut on the outskirts of the village to house that insufferable female until the siege was over. In more modern times, though, men have had to content themselves with an offhand joke about "female problems" or "being on the rag" and then just grit their teeth and stay out of her way for a week.

However, recent evidence points to the likelihood that the collection of maladies most women experience just before their periods each month—what doctors call premenstrual syndrome, or PMS—is a legitimate medical illness. For years many thought that the symp-

Many areas in the sexual world have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of any and all sexual information is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of revealing articles to keep your sexual knowledge current, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a better lover.



PREMENSTRUAL SYNDROME THE CURSE

by Francesca Porter

toms of PMS—the fits of dizziness, fainting, bloating, nausea, cramps and depression—were either all in the woman's head or inconsequential by-products of the biological cross women have to bear. But now many in the medical and scientific communities are taking a much more serious look at a condition that affects nearly 70% of all women between the ages of ten and 50. A study in the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology* reports that between 20% and 40% of the women suffering from PMS have symptoms sufficiently severe to require treatment.

Dr. Katharina Dalton, a British surgeon who pioneered the research on PMS and who was a chief witness at the

English trial, believes that premenstrual stress can be "severe enough to disrupt working life and, in extreme cases, can end with the sufferer in prison or in a hospital." In 1980 a British woman was arrested for manslaughter after brutally stabbing another woman. While in prison, she tried committing suicide twice, once by hanging herself and once again by slashing her wrists. She attacked a warden and tried to strangle another prisoner. When she wasn't driven by murderous fits, she was a docile woman and a model prisoner.

Dr. Dalton found that these violent outbursts fell into cycles of approximately 29 days. The woman was another unknowing victim of PMS. Studies here and abroad show that mental breakdowns, attempted suicides, criminal acts, child beatings and marital discord all occur more frequently in women around the time of menstrual bleeding.

Although many doctors still agree with the American College of Obstetrics and Gynecology's position that "PMS is not one identifiable disease that can be measured—it is rather a bunch of symptoms," a growing number in the medical community agree with Dalton that PMS is a hormonally governed illness and "as much a disease as something like diabetes." This about-face to the traditional view

of premenstrual syndrome is good news for women *and* their partners, who've had to endure the inevitable week of spatting and arguing with that "Dr. Jekyll and Ms. Hyde" lover every month. Recognized as a disease, PMS can be treatable, and there are a number of things a man and his mate can do to alleviate the problem. But first it helps to understand a little bit about a woman's monthly menstrual cycle.

Even though it's called a monthly period, the entire menstrual cycle lasts from between 20 and 36 days in the average female. During the first week, an egg is prepared for release from the ovary. The ovary begins producing estrogen, a hormone that causes the lining

of the uterus to thicken. About two weeks into the cycle, ovulation occurs, and the egg is released. At this time another hormone, progesterone, is released to help the lining in the uterus develop even further in preparation for pregnancy. If the egg is not fertilized, the body stops producing progesterone, and the lining is shed as menstrual blood. It is between ovulation and bleeding that PMS sets in.

Most doctors agree that PMS results, at least in part, from an imbalance of the ovary hormones estrogen and progesterone. Women suffering from PMS have been found to have higher levels of estrogen in relation to progesterone in their blood. This causes the body to retain water, which accounts for the bloated feeling and the weight gain that so often accompany menstruation.

Doctors like Niels Laurensen, professor of obstetrics at Mount Sinai Hospital in New York, believe water retention causes a number of other premenstrual problems, such as constipation, mood changes and depression. Because of this battle between estrogen and progesterone, hormones that govern other bodily functions can also be affected, causing headache, nausea, fatigue and sore breasts.

There is also a good deal of evidence to suggest that these two hormones are

not the only culprits in PMS. Dr. Penny Budoff, associate professor of medicine at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, thinks that cramps, nausea, breast tenderness and fluid retention may also be due to an increase in prostaglandin levels that occurs in the latter part of the menstrual cycle. Prostaglandins regulate the tone of our smooth muscles—involuntary muscles like the stomach, uterus and intestines. Too much of this substance throws off the natural balance of the body and results in the painful contractions and other symptoms associated with PMS.

Others in the medical community are focusing on prolactin, a hormone that regulates the production of breast milk. This hormone, which is responsible for postpartum blues (the depression a woman feels following pregnancy), is also present during menstruation. Some researchers even think that the body somehow cuts back its production of endorphins, the body's natural painkiller, during the time between ovulation and menstruation, and therefore the woman hasn't the natural defenses to guard against many of the maladies.

Although scientists are not certain of the exact causes of PMS, there are a number of things a man and his mate can do to alleviate many of the discomforting symptoms. First, keep a calendar

of the woman's monthly cycle. She should record when her period starts, when she thinks ovulation occurs and what symptoms she experiences. This way, no one will be caught off-guard. Try to provide a stress-free environment for the woman when she's approaching menstruation. Both partners should keep in mind that the female's stress and short temper are results of physical, not mental, phenomena. So cut her a little slack for a few days.

Doctors also recommend that women cut down on their intake of coffee, tea and colas during this time. Caffeine increases the level of prostaglandin activity, which is responsible for cramps and nausea. It's also a good idea to minimize salt intake, because salt aggravates the tendency to retain water.

A premenstrual drop in blood sugar, which can cause headache, irritability and fatigue, can be combated by eating small, frequent meals that are high in protein. This will keep a woman's blood-sugar level stable. If her blood-sugar level drops beyond the safe point, the hormone adrenaline kicks in to mobilize the sugar stored in body tissue. Adrenaline, which is active in emotional states of fear or excitement, can also aggravate existing PMS symptoms.

The old wives' tale says that during their periods, women should avoid exercise or any strenuous activity. This was probably due more to old-fashioned modesty and the lack of modern tampons than to any real evidence. In reality, daily exercise during menstruation will help alleviate some of the symptoms of PMS by carrying off excess bodily fluids in the form of perspiration. Strenuous activity is also a good way to work off the feelings of stress and depression that plague so many women, and researchers have found that strenuous exercise also can stimulate the production of endorphins. This will help correct the body's suppression, due to PMS, of that natural painkiller. A game of racquetball or tennis, or maybe just a morning jog together, will go a long way in helping a man and his mate weather the storm.

If none of these remedies significantly reduces the severity of a woman's symptoms, it might be a good idea for her to see a gynecologist. Some doctors prescribe a diuretic, a drug that minimizes water retention, to help relieve the problem.

Women who suffer severe menstrual cramping, or dysmenorrhea, may be helped by the use of antiprostaglandins. Prostaglandins, as mentioned earlier, create contractions in the uterus and gastrointestinal tract and can cause not

(continued on page 134)

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EXCLUSIVE EXPOSE

MASS MURDER IN ATLANTA: IS THE WRONG MAN IN JAIL?

By Chet Dettlinger With Jeff Prugh

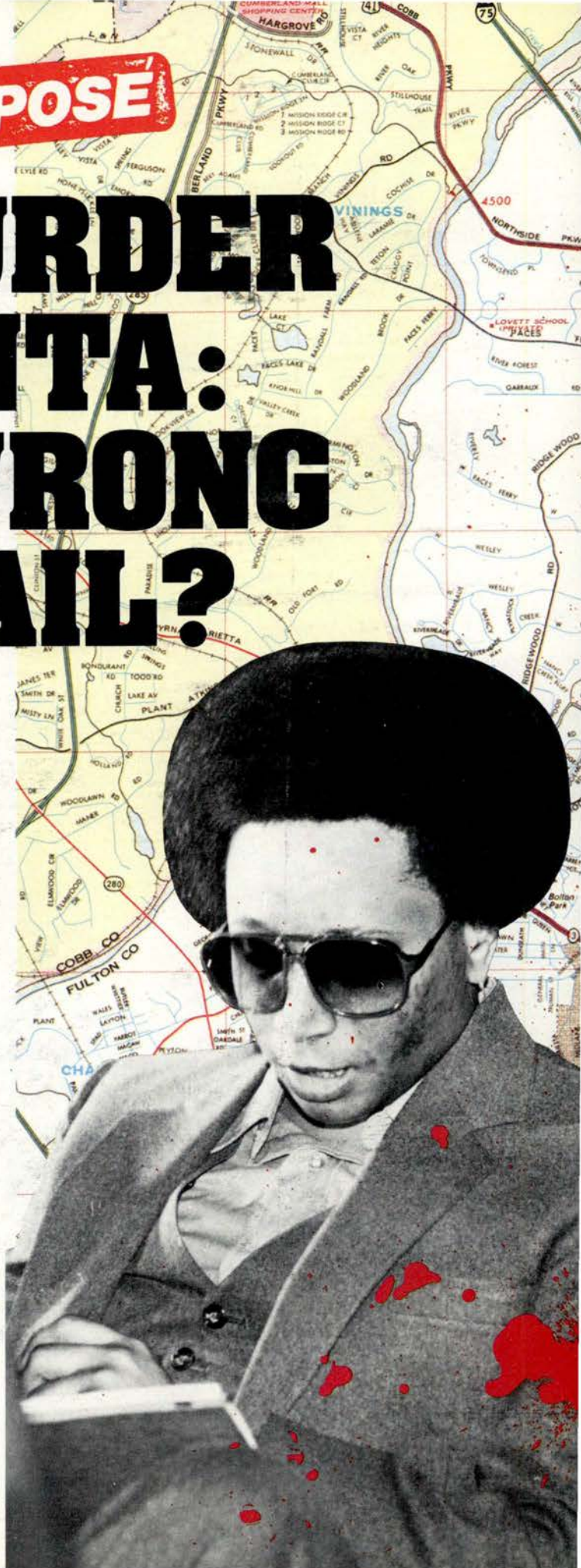
The following is excerpted from *Police Farce*, a forthcoming book dealing with two American institutions—the police and the press—in the setting of the murder wave that swept Atlanta, Georgia, in 1980 and 1981. Chet Dettlinger is a private detective and former assistant to the Atlanta chief of police and public-safety commissioner. He voluntarily investigated the murders and also served as a consultant for the attorneys defending Wayne Williams, who now awaits his appeal of two convictions for murder (and two life sentences) in the Fulton County Jail.

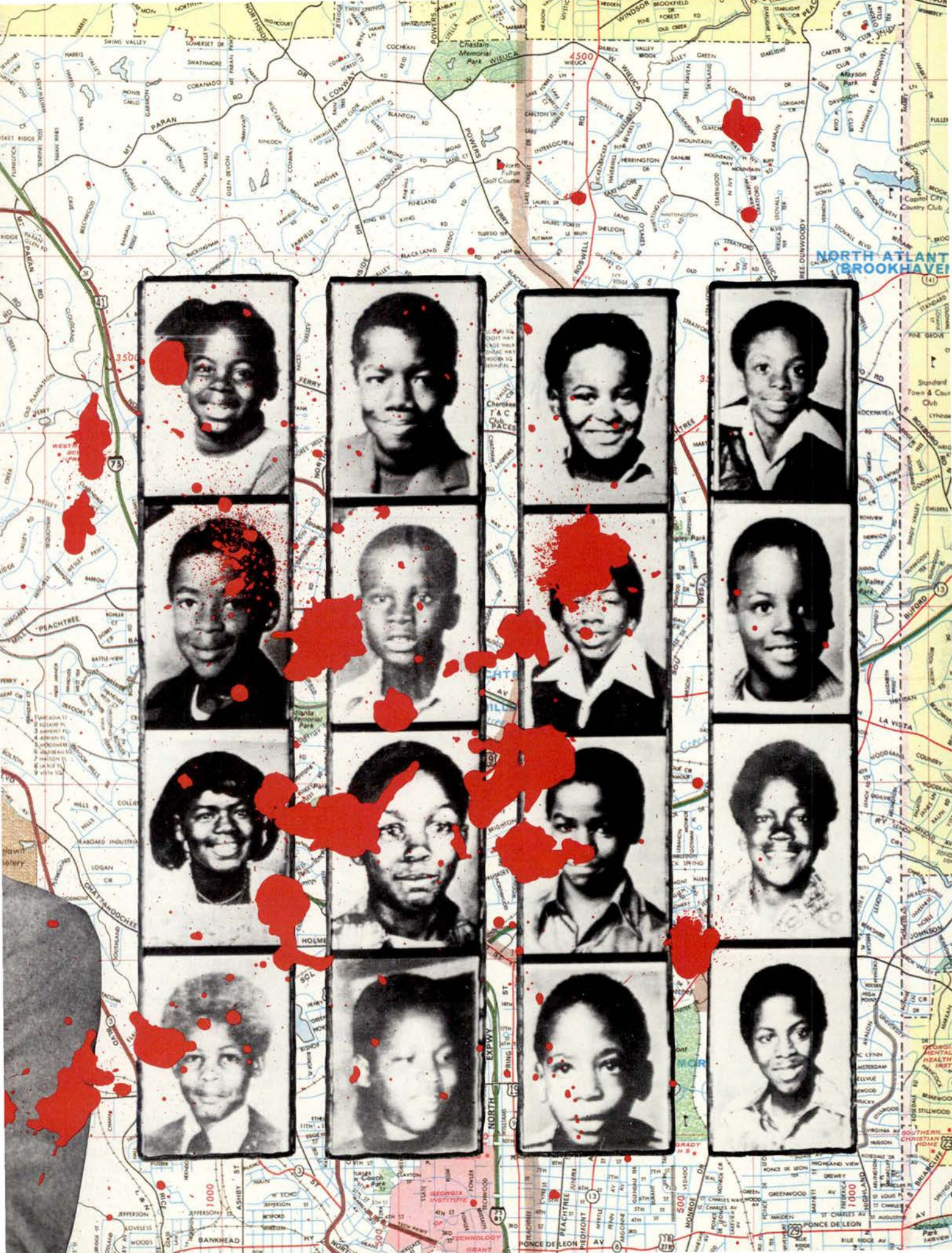
Contrary to popular belief, Atlanta's tragic murders did *not* stop with the arrest of Wayne Williams in June 1981. The authorities simply stopped counting and adding names to The List of 28 victims, even though their own FBI Uniform Crime Report showed seven unsolved killings of blacks—ages 15 to 25—within Atlanta's city limits, from July through December 1981, while Williams was in custody.

Most journalists were—and still are—mesmerized by The List of victims, even though it should have been plain that these deaths were being arbitrarily assigned to the Task Force investigation without any valid guidelines. As a consequence, nearly everybody was blinded to the myriad other unsolved-murder victims who never made anybody's list.

Thus, we were observing the folly of hordes of reporters from Atlanta and around the world, reduced to waiting for the police to tell them who was, in effect, “officially” and “unofficially” murdered.

Months before Williams' arrest, for example, news reports stated: “Fourteen-year-old Cynthia Mont-





gomery was found strangled in a south Atlanta motel room today. But she is *not* one of Atlanta's 17 murdered or missing children. . . ."

Cynthia was a child. She was from Atlanta. She was, by police accounts, murdered. If Cynthia Montgomery was not one of Atlanta's murdered children, then what was she?

Cynthia was found slain in November 1980—only ten days before she was to stand trial in Fulton County juvenile court on charges of prostitution. Police tend to regard prostitutes as adults, even if they are children. But then, adults too were being slain in and around Atlanta. In fact, five adults (all males) would make The List of 28, but many other adults (male and female) would not.

One of those adults was a 21-year-old black male who was shot and killed in July 1981, the month *after* Wayne Williams was jailed. The cause of death was the same as that of victim number one on The List. But it was too late for his case to make The List because Williams was no longer on the streets. The victim couldn't possibly be connected to any of those on The List, right?

Wrong! The victim was a 21-year-old uncle of (and shared an apartment with) a 13-year-old boy who was found slain before Williams' arrest and made The List. Again, nobody knew about

the 21-year-old because nobody asked.

If the Atlanta story was an American tragedy, it also played in a theater of the absurd. It was a traveling road show by some victims' mothers, who raised tens of thousands of dollars while raising eyebrows of skeptics who still wonder where all the money went. It was big-city power politics by a mayor who urgently appealed for—and got—\$4.2 million for his city from the Reagan Administration. It was a news-media merry-go-round of death scenes, green ribbons of mourning, psychics, red-beret-clad Guardian Angels from New York City, a \$250,000 Frank Sinatra-Sammy Davis Jr. benefit concert (proceeds going to the investigation), and an oil company donating "Save Our Children" trash-bin posters inscribed "Chevron cares!"

To this day, Atlanta's killings remain the most publicized string of murders since Jack the Ripper. As bodies began turning up frequently in late 1980 and early 1981—mostly in wooded areas and open lots (and only a handful in or near rivers)—the terror crescendoed. Mayor Maynard H. Jackson and the city council imposed curfews and ordered city-wide door-to-door canvassing for tips and clues. Children were reportedly having nightmares, wetting beds and sleeping fitfully (sometimes with lights on).

Again and again the public was reminded in the media that Atlanta's police, the FBI and other agencies were absolutely baffled about these cases. We were told that there were no clues, motives or arrests for nearly two years—and nobody knows how long before that. Police investigators kept their lips sealed like steel traps—except when some information apparently was leaked selectively to the news media, which often attributed the leaks to "sources close to the investigation."

The police not only didn't know the names of all the victims, but also couldn't compile a list that made sense.

The original document for Atlanta's investigation listed five murdered and three missing children during a 12-month period. Hindsight tells us that there were at least 17 murdered children when the Task Force was organized in July 1980, under considerable pressure by some victims' parents. And during that same period there were at least 50 times as many missing children in metropolitan Atlanta.

Perhaps a hint of the bungling that was to come surfaced when Atlanta's probe began in the summer of 1980. It started with an illiterate document that was undated, unaddressed, unsigned and inaccurate. It had been culled, in part, from information that was abysmally flawed. Some examples:

—The report noted that 14-year-old Eric Middlebrooks was last seen alive on May 18, 1980, but that he had been found dead on May 10 of the same year.

—One police-prepared chart pointed out that nine-year-old Anthony Carter had been stabbed to death but that he still was missing.

—The date when nine-year-old Yusuf Bell disappeared, the chart noted, was "1645 hours."

These are but a few of the glaring inconsistencies that had been accepted by officials and published without correction. If this part of the information was wrong, then all of it was suspect.

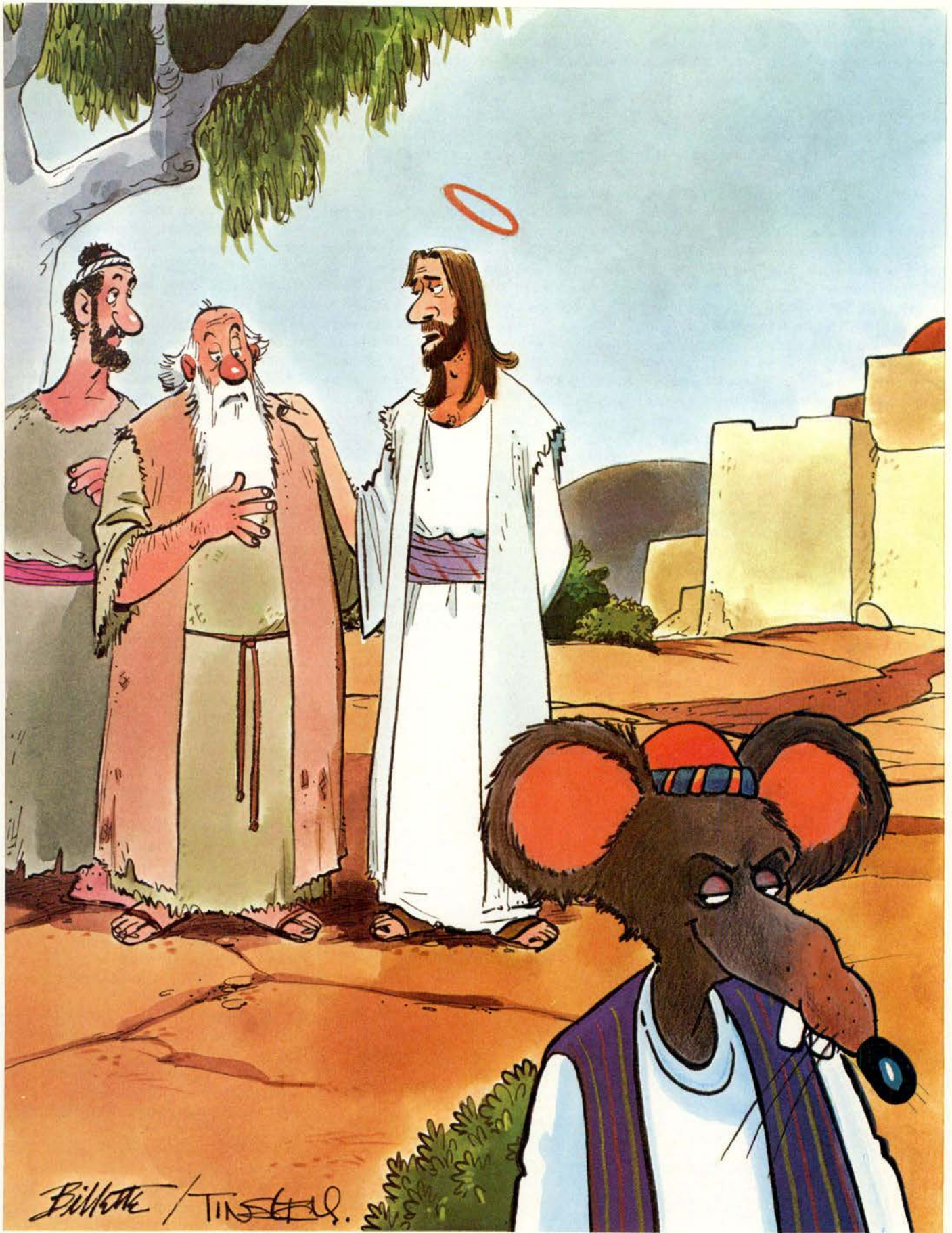
The Atlanta story continued to become a tragedy of errors with the following revelations:

★ A Fulton County prosecutor convinced a judge to drop charges in the August 1980 murder of a 16-year-old girl, alleging that the Atlanta police had lost the case file and the evidence, which had been stapled to the file. When asked by a reporter how such a mistake could have happened, the prosecutor shrugged and said, "Keystone cops."

★ In removing some skeletal remains from the scene where two victims had been found in January 1981, investigators didn't notice other remains—including teeth—at the scene. This an-



"Typical feminist bullshit: assertive, angry, but just begging to be fucked!"



"I'm really beginning to worry about Judas!"

gered Fulton County medical examiners, who publicly criticized the investigators and threatened to prosecute them for disturbing the crime scene. The mother of one of these victims doubts that the corpse was properly identified as that of her 11-year-old son.

★ Other victims' mothers have valid reasons to believe that the wrong bodies were buried in their children's graves. One mother said authorities told her in October 1980 that a body buried as a "John Doe" two months earlier was actually that of her teenage son.

If anything bogged down the investigation (and blocked the public's understanding of Atlanta's murders), it was the highly publicized List. When Atlanta Public Safety Commissioner Lee P. Brown compiled The List of "missing and murdered children," illogically he put some victims on it—and left others off. Certainly it was Brown's prerogative to assign any cases he saw fit to the investigation, but to do so arbitrarily, without valid guidelines, created a distorted picture of Atlanta's crisis. The only constant provision of The List was race. But that ignored the fact that white kids and adults too were being murdered in that city.

As the death toll climbed, other guidelines used by the police were constantly in flux. Defying logic, Brown

often explained why a certain victim was not placed on The List, saying it was "not connected" to the cases on The List (which he also said were not connected to each other).

When the guidelines did change, no effort was made to reconsider cases that already had been scrapped but now would fit. Faye Yearby, for example, was found dead in January 1981, tied to a tree and with her hands bound. But she never made The List because:

—She was, at 22, too old. But when the authorities stopped adding names to The List after Williams' arrest in June 1981, the oldest victim on it was 27.

—Yearby was a female. But so were eight-year-old LaTonya Wilson and 12-year-old Angel Lanier, who had been slain and were on The List when Yearby was found.

—Yearby was stabbed. But so were Anthony Carter, Eric Middlebrooks, William Barrett and John Porter. Carter and Middlebrooks were on The List when Yearby died. Barrett, 17, was added later. Porter, 28, was added during the Wayne Williams trial.

Furthermore, as Atlanta's tragedy intensified, the work of local forensic scientists seemed right out of an episode of *M.A.S.H.* rather than *Quincy*. Medical examiners made identifications of victims despite protests by mothers who

swore that the remains identified as those of their children were, in fact, not their offspring. The parents offered physical evidence, such as dental plates that didn't fit and pierced earrings worn by victims whose identified bodies had no holes in their earlobes.

The cause of death for many victims was unknown. The word *unknown* was later dropped in favor of *probable asphyxia* when it became clear that no one could be convicted of a murder that medical examiners could not say had occurred. If *asphyxia* means that one has stopped breathing, does *probable asphyxia* mean that one "probably stopped breathing"?

Task Force manpower was beefed up as more federal dollars flowed from Washington. Citywide curfews and police patrols were stepped up. Nevertheless, the murder rate accelerated.

On December 7, 1980, the body of a black male was discovered in the Chattahoochee River, northwest of downtown Atlanta, in suburban Cobb County. Initial reports stated that the corpse was that of an adult and that it had "no connection" to the children's murders. The story did not make the front pages of newspapers.

Three weeks later the body was identified as 16-year-old Patrick "Pat Man" Rogers, a big, muscular youngster with the physique of an adult. Atlanta's officials had repeatedly reminded the public that the children's murders were their first priority. Therefore, an adult body—which they presumed Pat Man to be—would have to wait. His corpse had lain unidentified in the Cobb County morgue. Officially, he was not one of Atlanta's missing or murdered children.

On a sultry evening five months earlier I attended the "Conference on Children's Safety," a rally at the Wheat Street Baptist Church in downtown Atlanta. Because the authorities seemed to be giving the murders their undivided apathy, I had recently joined former Deputy Police Director Mike Edwards and three other ex-cops in investigating the killings on our own.

The printed program passed out by a well-scrubbed little girl mentioned five victims on The List, plus three who weren't. Perhaps because the surnames were different, my eyes stuck on the line that read, "Jessie Griffin, father... Aaron Wyche, age 10, accidental death." Something just didn't jibe. What was the name of a kid who died in an accident doing on a list of murdered and missing children? I drew a circle around the boy's name.

Once I discovered that the informa-
(continued on page 50)



"Let me have about two dozen jars of your Vaseline there!"



"I don't think he enjoyed his visit to our planet!"

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shana

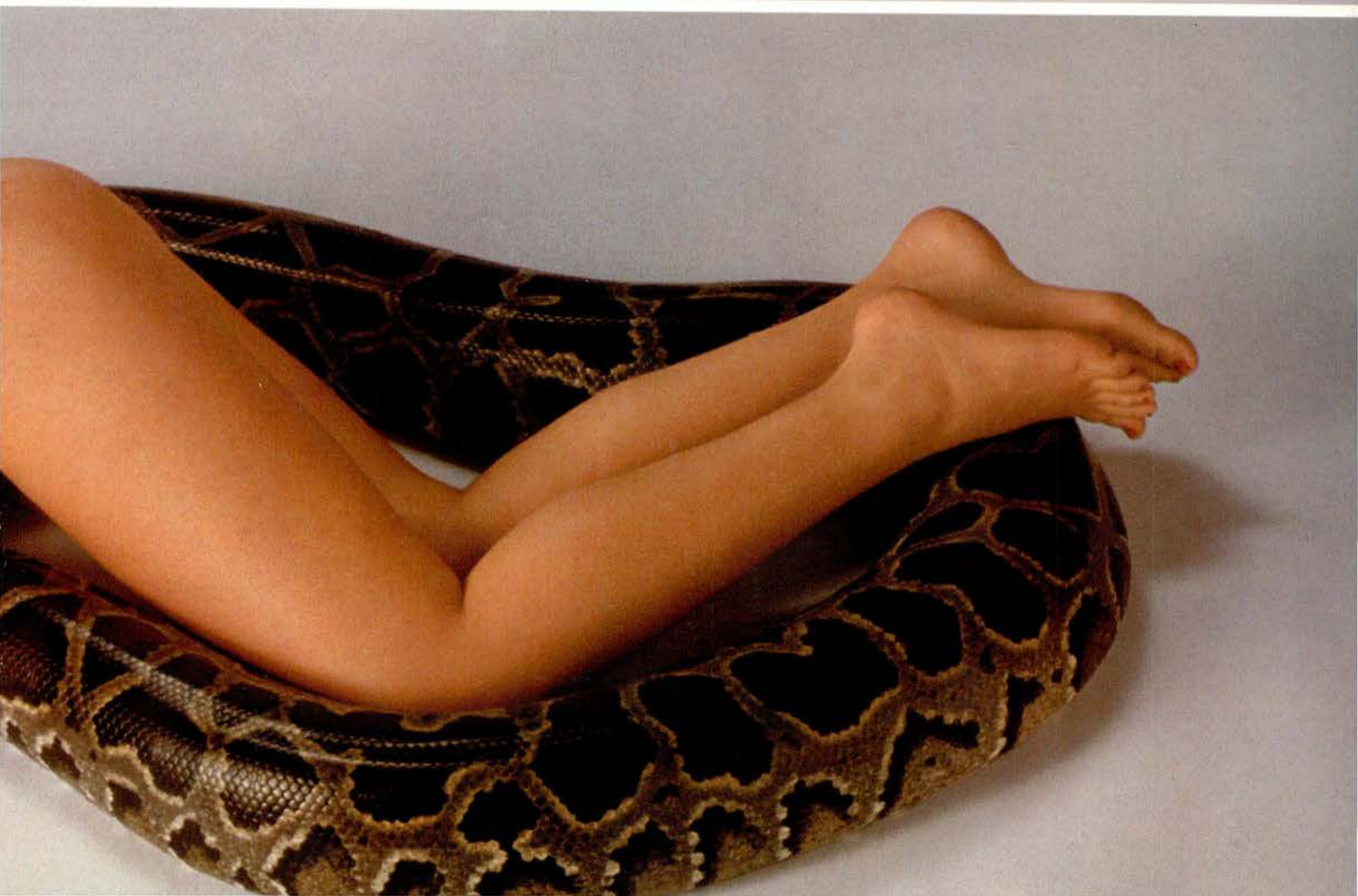
snake charmer



Shana can feel the taut, controlled muscles beneath the sleek skin of the serpent as it slides along the length of her body. The dark danger of being so close to man's most ancient foe adds to her excitement. So powerful, so silently unpredictable . . . there's something vaguely sexual about this mysterious creature. Shana can feel its mystery moving deep within her as the boa wraps itself around her thighs and snakes its way across her stomach. Its movements are studied and confident . . . like a man's. Her heart races as she feels the muscles contracting around her, muscles that could crush the life from her, yet cradle her almost lovingly. Isn't this the fulfillment of every woman's fantasy: to be swaddled in the power of the serpent?

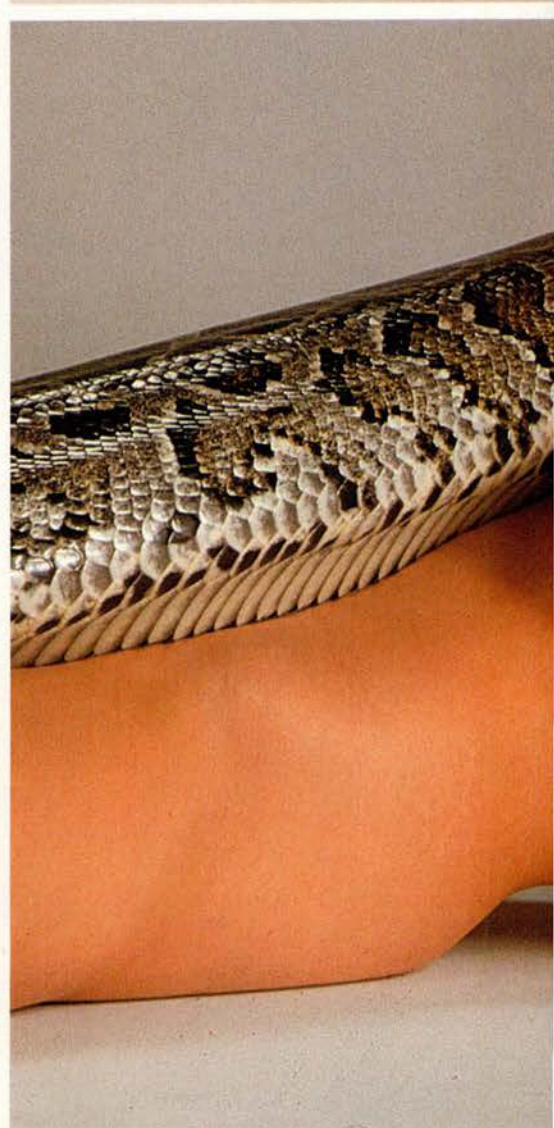
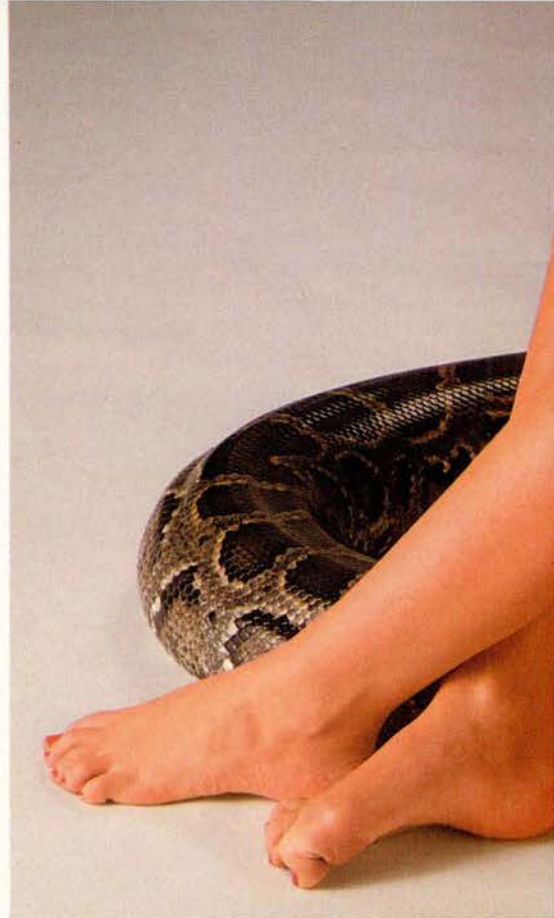


















MASS MURDER IN ATLANTA

(continued from page 38)

tion in photocopied police reports was atrocious and incomprehensible—brimming with grammatical, spelling and factual mistakes—I turned to geographical data. At least it would be verifiable.

On a map of metropolitan Atlanta, I plotted where each victim on The List (which by then had increased to eight murdered and four missing) lived, disappeared and, if murdered, was discovered dead. It became obvious that the activity was taking place on or near only 12 streets that linked up—in the configuration of a misshapen boot. Even to this day, authorities deny that this geographical pattern to the killings exists.

But as more victims fell, the activity continued on the same streets. Mike Edwards and I discreetly urged police stakeouts at four key locations along those streets. Our advice went unheeded until it was too late—after many more victims were found dead.

The geography projected a strong sense of continuity to the murders. The pattern unfolded as dramatically as Peachtree Street's snazzy skyscrapers leap out of the city's woodsy landscape. What's more, the geography led me to the discovery that many of the kids

knew each other. These, then, were not random killings.

By the winter of 1981 Pat Man Rogers still was not on The List—despite the urging of officials in Cobb County, where his body was found. The Task Force had chosen to ignore Pat Man's case. It argued that he was, at 16, too old. (The List then embraced victims aged seven to 15.) Not only was he running from a burglary warrant, it said, but Pat Man was found in the Chattahoochee River, where no officially listed victims had yet been discovered.

No murder was being investigated in the "accidental" death of Aaron Wyche. Thus, only relatives and friends realized that Aaron Wyche lived only 25 yards away from—and knew—Pat Man. Nobody else asked.

Authorities said Aaron Wyche had fallen off a railroad trestle. "Accidental death," the DeKalb County medical examiner, Dr. Joseph Burton, ruled in June 1980. The cause of death was officially listed as "positional asphyxia."

Aaron landed in such a way that his head was turned so he could not breathe. Surely he had been alive on the way down, since his fingers still clutched leaves from the mimosa tree he would have had to have fallen through. But how in the hell could he have fallen

off a trestle? His parents said he was afraid of heights.

One thing is certain: The detectives who investigated Wyche's death never had visited the structure from which he was supposed to have fallen; what they were calling a railroad trestle does not exist! Instead, there's a six-lane highway bridge with sidewalks and curbs. Unlike a railroad trestle, it has an ample guard rail almost as high as Aaron was tall. Far below are railroad tracks, which may help explain the confusion.

There is no way that Aaron Wyche could have fallen off that bridge. The tree he "fell through" was more like a bush. He could have grasped the tree from a position on the ground before he died and thus gathered the leaves. The chances are, he was thrown and pushed off that bridge.

But it seemed that only fellow investigator Mike Edwards and the Wyche family agreed with me.

Late in the winter of 1981 Pat Man Rogers' case was still lost in a jungle of jurisdictional hang-ups. Since his body had been found in Cobb County, his case was being investigated by the Cobb County police. Aaron Wyche, who had lived only 25 yards from Pat Man, was a DeKalb County case. And Aaron Jackson, 9, who lived close to both Pat Man and Aaron Wyche, was a city of Atlanta case. You can live in Atlanta—as all three youngsters did—but your death is investigated only by the jurisdiction in which you are found dead.

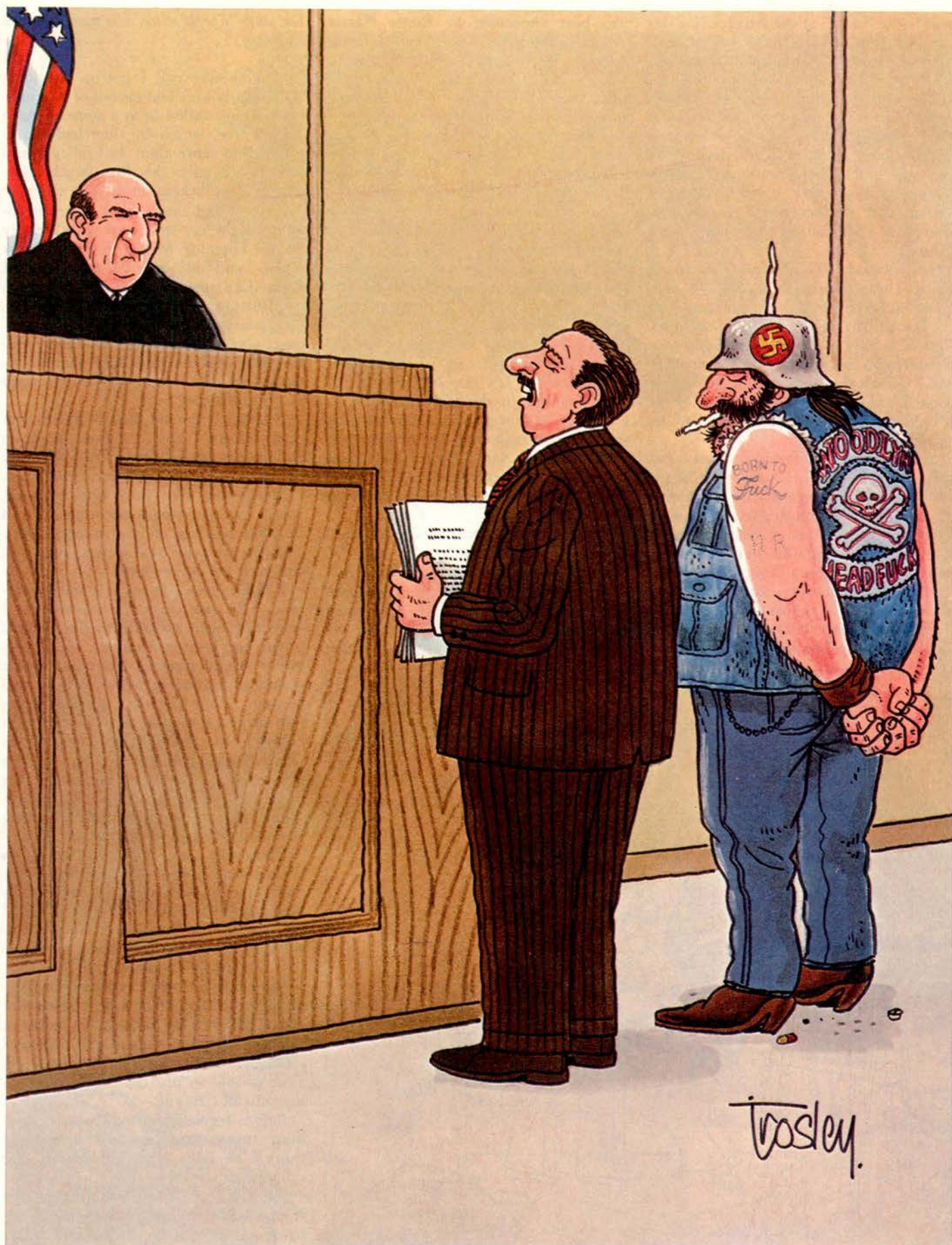
It would be quite possible for investigators of those three jurisdictions to be looking into the same backyard—not asking questions about the two cases they weren't investigating—and not realizing what was hammering them over the head!

Another police blunder concerned the disposition of 15-year-old Lee Manuel Gooch, who was missing for nearly one month in February 1981. He lived next door to slain 14-year-old Edward Hope Smith, victim number one. But that apparently meant nothing to the police. They refused to put Gooch on The List. He was classified as a "runaway."

The *Atlanta Constitution* said that Gooch had been reported seen recently at the bus depot in downtown Atlanta by his older half-brother. I didn't believe it. If I were talking to my younger brother who had been missing for weeks and he refused to come home, I'd pick up his ass and carry him home.

I vowed I would find Lee Gooch if he were still alive. After questioning his parents, it became clear that Lee Gooch had had a run-in with the law in Tallahassee, Florida, a week after he was reported missing and during the time he





"My client is prepared to plead guilty to the lesser charge of double parking in front of the victim's apartment while the rape was in progress!"



The Girl Who Had Sex With the Dead

Profile by Lee Quarnstrom

She tries to sleep but cannot stop the picture playing like a movie in her mind—her body, her arms and legs intertwined with those of the handsome young man in the room at the bottom of the stairs. She wishes that she were dreaming, that she were only a character in a piece of horrible fiction. But she cannot deny that this is her own body, lusting for something she knows is taboo.

She literally aches with an excitement whose intensity she has read about but never felt or truly believed could exist. She senses it in her blood. She feels it down in her genitals. Later she writes of the feelings as “knotted stomach, climbing the walls.”

She visualizes the hairy chest, the rugged face, the muscular legs of the handsome young man in the room below. She knows deep inside that he will provide her—for the first time in her short and unhappy life—with something exceptional, something extraordinary: “emotional and sexual gratification,” as she later puts it.

She rises, leaves her bedroom and starts down the wooden steps. They groan and creak as she makes her way through the darkness. She stops a moment and listens, making certain no one has heard her. Finally, she reaches the room below and opens the door. There’s an eerie stillness in the air as she crosses the floor, her body trembling with passion. She feels as if she is ready to explode.

Writing later about what would be her first truly satisfying sexual experience, she said: “I checked out his stomach. He turned me on. I kissed him on his mouth. I felt a big rush of emotion, pain, loneliness, guilt, fear and also comfort. I cried a bit. Then I made love to his corpse.”

Karen Greenlee is a necrophiliac. At the time of this first sexual encounter with a dead man, she was 21 and working

as an apprentice embalmer, living in an apartment at her place of business—Memorial Lawn Mortuary in Sacramento, California. Within the next three weeks during the fall of 1979 she would have sexual contact with between 20 and 40 more corpses.

Strange as it seems, medical evidence indicates that the process of making love to a male corpse is much the same as it would be with a live body. A dead man’s penis is limp and pliant until embalming, when it becomes hard enough to insert in the vagina. A few days after embalming, it gets even harder. Furthermore, if a man dies while he has an erection, the stiff and swollen penis will remain in that condition. And once again, embalming will make his penis even harder.

Although it’s not certain exactly what sexual activities Karen favored, it’s quite possible that she straddled corpses and inserted their penises inside her vagina to achieve orgasm. It is also likely that she fellated corpses after manipulating their testicles—which are of similar texture to a live person’s and become only somewhat less supple after being embalmed.

Tormented by her deranged lust, Karen cried out for help in a letter that detailed her erotic attraction to dead bodies: “I am in a dark prison all alone. Please wake me up. I’m only a child. I want to live and be a normal girl to a woman. I’ve written this from what’s left of my broken heart. If you read this, please don’t hate me. I was once like you. I laughed, I loved. But something went wrong. Please remember me as I was, not as I am now. I wish ‘Reniee’ would come back. She was a nice child. She knew no necrophilia.”

In her tortured letter, Karen Greenlee does not identify “Reniee.” Perhaps this unknown girl who “knew no necrophilia” was Karen herself. The assumption would not stretch the imagination of an armchair psychiatrist, considering the

years of mental anguish suffered by the unfortunate young woman.

Some suggest that Karen Greenlee's ghoulish activities are the aftermath of having been molested by a neighbor when she was eight years old. "She seemed to become a different person after that," says her father, Al Meyers. The previously extroverted little girl "kept to herself, and it grew on her" following that disturbing experience.

Karen's mental and emotional problems increased to a point where, by age 11, she was a noticeably disturbed child. At 12 she was committed to Napa State Hospital, a mental institution. She had been diagnosed as a paranoid schizophrenic, someone who lives in a fantasy world and is unable to deal with reality.

During the 22 months Karen spent at the hospital, she suffered the additional duress of being raped by one of her teachers. Returning home, she sought solitude by lying next to cemetery headstones. When she was unable to adjust to life with her family after her release, Karen moved in with a psychologist who served as a parental figure to her. Later, however, feeling capable of coping on her own, she moved back home and eventually graduated from Colfax (California) High School.

At age 19, Karen married. But she left her husband after only six weeks and

took up residence with her parents, never telling them her secret: She hated the reality of having intercourse with someone who was alive, preferring instead the fantasy of making it with the deceased. Soon she found work and moved into an apartment that came with the position. Karen, Mrs. Meyers said, seemed happy with her new \$3.06-an-hour job as an apprentice embalmer.

The sordid story of Karen's sexual encounters with the dead began unraveling soon after she was assigned the body of John L. Mercure, a 33-year-old ex-convict who had OD'd on alcohol and drugs. Almost immediately she fell in love with Mercure's corpse, fondling his genitals during the embalming process. Karen decided she could not bear to see him buried.

On December 18, 1979, while his family vainly waited for the casket to arrive at a cemetery for graveside services and burial, Greenlee drove the hearse containing Mercure's remains to a remote site 100 miles north of Sacramento and parked behind a clump of bushes. After undoing his clothing and removing her own, Karen climbed into the casket and made love to the cold, clammy corpse.

Later that day, sheriff's deputies and a California Highway Patrol officer spotted the missing vehicle on a little-used road outside of Alleghany, Califor-

nia. Karen was locked inside in what seemed to be a dazed condition. It took an hour for them to coax her outside, and after surrendering, she was taken to a hospital where doctors ordered her stomach pumped. A physician said the young woman had apparently swallowed about 20 tablets containing a combination of Tylenol and codeine.

"She was extremely depressed," reported Dr. Robert Rocheleau. "She was hating herself and didn't want to live."

At the time, deputies saw no sexual connection between the girl and the corpse in the back of the hearse. Even had law-enforcement officials suspected what really had gone on, they could not have charged Karen Greenlee with necrophilia. Having sex with a dead person is not a crime under California laws.

But they did file several charges against the young woman, who spent 11 days in jail and paid a \$255 fine after pleading guilty to interfering with a burial and illegally driving a hearse. She also left her job.

And that was that, Sacramento-area newspaper readers probably concluded after reading a few small articles in local papers. How wrong they were.

Just over a month after Karen's arrest, Marian Gonzales—the mother of John Mercure, the man whose body was found in the back of the hijacked hearse—filed a lawsuit against the former mortuary worker and Memorial Lawn Mortuary. The suit claimed that Mrs. Gonzales had made an agreement for funeral and other mortician's services, for which she paid the firm \$1,188.20. It further charged that the mortuary had breached the contract and had provided negligent supervision of the deceased's body.

Mrs. Gonzales said she became ill upon learning of the theft of the hearse with her son's body inside. She claimed to have suffered "shock and injury," and her attorney called the handling of Mercure's remains "repugnant, offensive and insulting."

Like many lawsuits, Mrs. Gonzales' action against Karen Greenlee and Memorial Lawn Mortuary sat dormant for many months before going to trial last April in Sacramento Superior Court. Then suddenly, this already-strange story of a stolen body took on a bizarre and horrifying aspect as newspapers revealed that Karen Greenlee had had sexual encounters with dead people.

A letter—a confession of sorts—had been found in the hearse after Karen had surrendered to lawmen. Parts of it were illegible, and a number of words were misspelled. Nonetheless, the rambling document paints a self-portrait of a young woman with deep problems:





"Forgive me, Father, for I have flipped out!"

"...I am a necrophiliac, alcoholic, scared, mixed-up, lonely, unadjusted adult who doesn't spell too good," Karen wrote. "My world is falling down. My life is a nightmare. I wish I never grew up. I wish I would have killed myself in 1973. [Apparently, this was when she was undergoing psychiatric treatment.] I almost did. Never could do anything right. ..."

"Why do I do it? ... Fear of love relationships? Hurt in the past. No romance ever hurt like this. It's not much fun to look into the eyes of a young widow ... [after] you've been 'making it' with their 'loved one.'"

"It's the pits. I'm a morgue rat. This is my rat hole. Perhaps my grave. You see, I died October 30, 1979. [The date of her first sexual experience with a corpse.] I just haven't stopped moving yet. My spirit is dead. I [was] killed on the [unreadable—maybe "coffin of" ... name deleted]. I went all the way with him. I visited him 3 times. There were others in between and there will probably be after. My arm is still burned from [name deleted—apparently a reference to a reaction from embalming fluid in a corpse]."

"I had fooled around before. There has been many. I wish there were no more. But when [name deleted] came along, he was just too much. ... About

2 a.m. I went down the squeaky stairs ... [and] made love to his corpse. About 5 a.m. I went back upstairs."

"I woke up the next day not tired at all. I believe I was in shock. ... Couldn't keep anything in my head. I had to dress him that day and handle his [public] viewing. ... I was spaced out. I washed the windows with furniture polish. It hasn't been the same since. I don't sleep well at night."

"A few days later we got another case. I did him the same way. So the story's the same, just a different body. I don't do everyone that comes through here, but I usually fool around to some extent."

"Why did I turn out this way? Others have similar lives—but they're not like me. I don't want to be this way. I am afraid. I believe some here [at the mortuary] know of my problem. ... In fact, one even knocks on the prep room door [where bodies are prepared for funerals] & now says he doesn't want to catch me. He stumbles for the right words. I nod and smile, and hate him for not beating the hell out of me. I don't want cover up."

"I want help but not to be locked up. I'd kill myself if they locked me up. I don't know where to turn to. I tried county social services. They ask you a lot of irrelevant questions. Where do you work? Your name. Well, folks, I'm crazy but not stupid. I hung up on them."

Maybe I hung up on myself. I don't know."

"There's got to be a way out. I need help to find the door. I'm afraid though. I've nowhere or no one to go to."

"Yes, there's my dad and mom. But I'd be replacing one problem with another. They fight and sometimes I get pulled into the middle. I know they need someone to talk to who understands, cares and doesn't talk. So I listen. I owe it to them. ... I love them, I wish I could help them. I get physically ill if I stay with them. The fighting. I drink."

"But now I've found a bit of comfort. When I'm with his body. It's not always a turn-on. I'm able to touch and express myself (physically) to someone. Sometimes I wonder if the Before (knotted stomach, climbing the walls) or After (guilt, tiredness, irritable) is worth the During (emotional and sexual gratification). I either have to accept the fact that I'm a necrophiliac, adjust to it ... or get the Sam Hill out of here and never set eyes on another mortuary. And somehow, somewhere build a new life for myself. I can't stay on this middle road. I really want to straighten out. ..."

Karen Greenlee hesitantly took the witness stand in Sacramento Superior Court on April 12, 1982, after prosecuting attorney Leo O'Connor told the packed courtroom that she "did in fact sexually utilize the dead, defenseless remains of John Leo Mercure for her own gratification ... for purposes of orgasm."

Detective Richard Woods of the Sacramento Police Department had previously testified that Karen told him she hated intercourse with living men. He said she described how she would raise up corpses from their horizontal positions and place their arms around her before making love to them. "She mentioned fooling around, going all the way," the detective recalled.

Wearing a demure pinstriped jacket and a blouse open at the neck, the defendant admitted in a soft voice to having had sexual contact with corpses in embalming rooms at Memorial Lawn, as well as in hearses and caskets. Karen testified that she had fondled the genitals of many corpses, including those of Mercure. She also said she drank heavily in her mortuary apartment.

Greenlee seemed vague during her testimony, saying several times that she couldn't recall details. Never once did she look at the jury of seven men and five women. When O'Connor asked her to identify a photo of Mercure's corpse, she closed her eyes and turned away.

O'Connor quoted from Karen's rambling note, pointing to the section in



"Is Sweetums ready to zap Pissant with the cattle prod?"



which she hinted that others at the mortuary were aware of her perverse attraction to dead bodies. The lawyer indicated this was part of the basis of the suit against the mortuary itself.

It was learned that Karen's first employment upon graduation from high school was as an apprentice embalmer in Auburn, a nearby city. She later took a similar job in North Sacramento. O'Connor said Karen left that job because she began to experience an overwhelming urge to have sex with corpses. But she did not seek employment in another field. She found work at Memorial Lawn Mortuary in Sacramento.

Mrs. Gonzales' attorney claimed that the mortuary was liable for damages because Greenlee's background had never been checked and because her embalming duties were unsupervised. He said management should have been more diligent after Karen began acting strangely and working an excessive number of hours. He also suggested that the woman's co-workers knowingly allowed her to "go down creaky steps at night and feed her problem" and that "any mortician knows" necrophiliacs might seek work at a funeral home.

James E. Donahue, Memorial Lawn's attorney, denied the allegations. He said that necrophilia is rare and that company employees and management had

no way of knowing that Karen Greenlee was having sex with corpses entrusted to the mortuary.

Exactly what is necrophilia?

Webster's Third New International Dictionary defines it as "fascination with the dead; specifically: obsession with and usually erotic attraction toward and stimulation by corpses typically evidenced by overt acts (as copulation with a corpse)."

In *Rape: Offenders and Their Victims*, University of Colorado psychiatry professor John M. MacDonald says necrophilia has been defined as a "morbid fancy for dead bodies, an erotic attraction to corpses and as the desire to possess a dead body for purposes of sexual intercourse."

(Dr. MacDonald makes the obviously true but still strange comment that "this is a crime without pain or suffering for the victim.")

Dr. Walter Bromberg, a prominent neuropsychiatrist, calls necrophilia the opposite of a "lust murder." He explains that necrophiliacs are drawn to situations in which they have "entire freedom with a dead body but don't have reaction from it... It's almost like stolen pleasure."

While literature describes individual cases of necrophiliacs—who primarily

have been men—there is little scientific or criminological data that gets to the roots of the phenomenon. All those who write about the gruesome subject admit that the causes of necrophilia, the reasons for the dark urges that drive a living human being to have sexual contact with a corpse, are shrouded in subconscious mystery.

Here are the thoughts of James Melvin Reinhardt, Ph.D., a former criminology professor at the University of Nebraska and the author of *Sex Perversions and Sex Crimes*: "Necrophilia may be determined by a complex of motives, most of which appear to operate below the level of conscious awareness. (In other words, necrophiliacs often don't know why they crave sex with a corpse.) In some instances the act seems to serve as a symbolic revenge for real or imaginary wrongs. . . .

"Everything that the victim has is reserved for the violator. The victim must play a role that she could never be induced to play when living. In this lifeless state the necrophile can engage in all the arts of lovemaking that have long preyed on his fantasies."

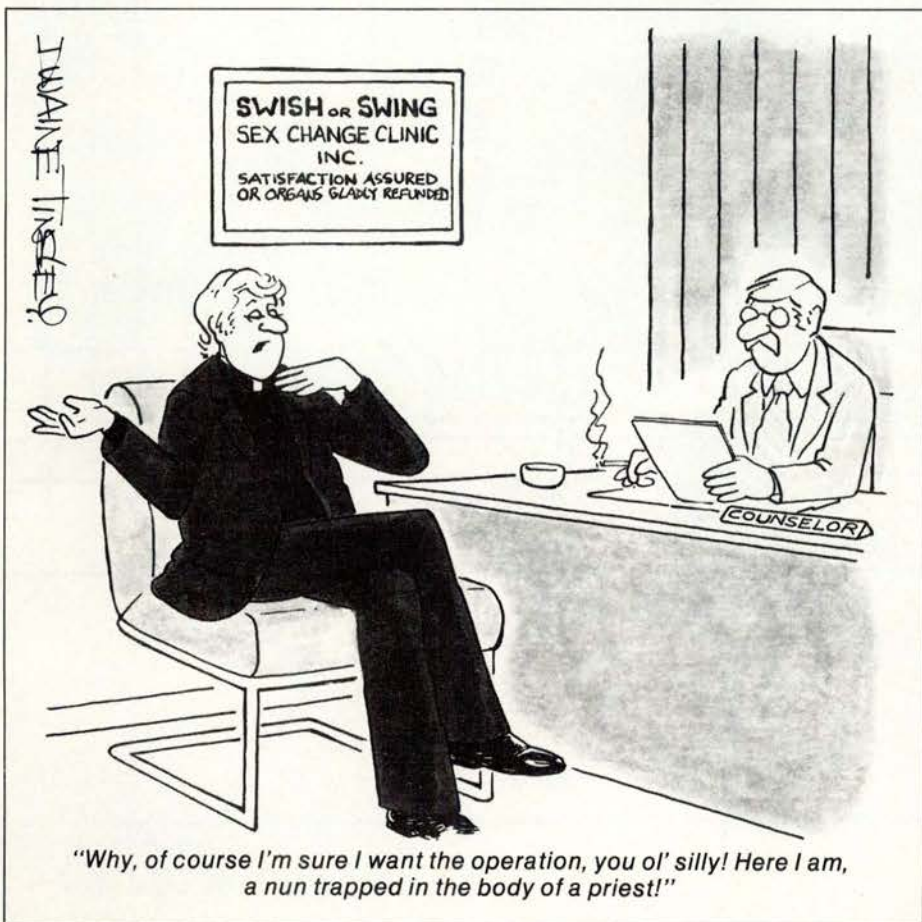
Reinhardt and other criminologists and psychiatrists have also discussed men with necrophiliac fantasies who insist that their living sexual partners lie absolutely still, making believe they're dead.

"Necrophilism seems clearly in evidence in the case of the man who frequented a brothel where the prostitute played the part of a dead person during the sex act," Reinhardt wrote. "Other necrophiles are content to have the woman lie motionless like a corpse or as if asleep. Stekel [a prominent psychiatrist] refers to one strange necrophile for whom the sexual scene was enhanced by the presence of a coffin."

Like many others, Reinhardt finds necrophilia to be among the most revolting forms of perversion imaginable. "By the very nature of the act itself a profound sense of personal inadequacy is in evidence," he added. "The corpse is totally helpless, and the necrophile can do with her as he pleases. . . .

"There is strong evidence to suggest in many instances the individual seeks out the corpse of a member of a prominent family—perhaps an attractive young girl, if possible, with whom the pervert has carried on a fantasy relationship over a considerable period of time."

"It appears in some instances also that the violation of a corpse is a way of evening the score for a real or imaginary injustice or humiliation inflicted upon the necrophile. He derives an exaggerated sexual ecstasy . . . from inflicting the most conceivable humiliation, in fantasy at least, upon the lifeless victim."





"The necrophile, however, may be hardly conscious of such motives. He is a total failure, most often very timid and unaggressive in his manners and outward expressions.

"The perversion is a form of release from tensions which in most cases have been built up over the years and have come to involve a complex system of . . . perverted cravings such as filthy odors, tastes and sights. Many necrophiles seem totally uninhibited by the fact that the victim may have already entered the state of decomposition. Whether this is due to a revolting perversion of the sense of smell or to the 'anesthetization' of the sense under the all-absorbing excitement of the perverse sex situation, cannot be definitely stated."

Among the scientific literature on necrophilia, only Victor Calef and Edward M. Weinshel—members of the department of psychiatry at Mount Zion Hospital and Medical Center in San Francisco—consider the female necrophiliac. They also make the striking comparison of Sleeping Beauty and the prince with a necrophiliac situation.

Calef and Weinshel mention a patient, Mrs. L., who had "a lifelong fantasy of making love to a dead man." She entered analysis in her mid-20s, and her necrophiliac fantasy "could be traced to some point between the ages of four and

five, at least roughly parallel with the time that her mother was pregnant with the patient's younger sister."

The woman's fantasy "of a dead man (later the object could also be asleep, drugged or otherwise helpless) was from the beginning vivid. . . . As the fantasy-imagery crystallized, fellatio became its most conspicuous and consistent erotic activity."

The psychiatrists say the woman "demonstrated what at times appeared to be a sexual instability and at times an intense fear of being damaged through the sexual act." Other qualities shown by Mrs. L. included:

—Bemoaning "the fact that she must be such a dull and lackluster patient."

—Her inability to believe that the analyst "would in any way find her interesting or attractive, particularly as a sexual object."

—Her frequent suggestion that her psychiatrist must be "bored stiff" with her, a morbid play on words, considering that corpses are frequently referred to as "stiffs."

Calef and Weinshel also find links between necrophilia and certain other sexual practices:

"Mention should be made of the role of the necrophilia theme in that group of sexual perversions which, loosely, are considered together under the label of

'bondage' fantasies and practices. Here too the helplessness of the sexual object is the crucial dynamic element. Most frequently the object is tied up or bound in some other fashion; but the numerous variations include the object's being a slave, being drugged or anesthetized, asleep, hypnotized or paralyzed. Sexual gratification for these individuals is often possible only when the object is in this helpless condition, for practical purposes—dead!"

It is impossible to determine precisely how Karen Greenlee fits into all this analytical conjecture. She is an individual with individual problems and individual fantasies about which she has spoken and written; but her doctors have refused to comment on them. Her parents believe their daughter's emotional turmoil is the result of having been sexually molested when she was a child and raped while she was institutionalized.

The young woman's own words—in her letter and in her testimony—reveal someone who is unable to adjust to reality, a girl who fears being caught in the middle of domestic fights, a person who abuses alcohol. Perhaps above all, she is a woman who can find sexual or emotional satisfaction only by erotic contact with a corpse.

On April 21, 1982, Sacramento Superior Court jurors reached a verdict in the suit of Marian Gonzales, John Mercure's mother. A 9-3 vote awarded \$142,500 to Mrs. Gonzales, who claimed she had nightmares in which she saw empty caskets and heard her son's voice. The settlement, which came after 6½ hours of deliberation in the 18-day trial, included \$125,000 in compensatory damages against Memorial Lawn Mortuary and \$17,500 in punitive damages against Karen Greenlee. She showed no reaction to the verdict.

Jurors suggested that they did not feel the mortuary was liable for punitive damages, an indication that they did not believe Karen's contention that her co-workers knew she was having sex with the dead.

And so, the bizarre story of Karen Greenlee and her 20 to 40 dead lovers came to an end—at least as far as the courts go. She has changed her name, and her parents refuse to divulge her new identity or whereabouts. Some people familiar with the case say they hope Karen is undergoing therapy. Others strongly fear that she may go completely over the edge.

There are many questions that only this woman who liked the strong, silent type can answer. But Karen Greenlee, like her lovers, isn't talking.



Baloo



Jeanette
HERE COMES THE BRIDE

A wedding day is something special, something pure and virginal," said 22-year-old Jeanette when we asked her why she wanted to appear in the magazine as a bride. "I like to imagine the excitement I'd feel giving myself to my husband for the first time. I can almost feel his hands moving confidently down my shoulders and breasts as he undresses me. I'm way too nervous to do it myself."

Toying with her hair self-consciously, Jeanette continued her fantasy: "His body feels so new and yet so comforting as we climb between the clean bed sheets. He pulls me to him, and I feel him hard against me. I'm surprised to find I'm wet there. And then I feel him enter me, a tender jab of pain. The blood rushes to my thighs, and I open myself completely to him as a fire consumes the little girl in me and leaves me a woman."











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A group of old men was sitting on a park bench complaining about their wives. "My wife is so frigid," the first man said, "I can put an ice cube on her stomach at night, and it'll still be frozen in the morning."

"Oh, yeah?" the second one sneered. "I can put a glass of water on my wife's stomach at night, and it'll turn to ice by morning."

"That's nothing," said a third. "Every time my wife opens her legs at night, the furnace kicks on!"

Question: Why does the Easter Bunny hide his eggs?
Answer: He doesn't want people to know he's been fucking chickens.

Chuck and Bill, two dim-witted laborers, were working diligently when their foreman announced he was leaving early for the day. After he left, Chuck suggested that if the foreman had a right to leave early, so should they. Bill agreed. They left, going separate ways.

Chuck went to a bar, but Bill went on home. When he arrived, he noticed his foreman's car in the driveway and heard loud moans coming from within the house. He walked to the bedroom window and peeked in. There on the bed were his wife and the foreman screwing with wild abandon! Nervously, Bill left and went to a movie.

The next day the foreman announced that he was again leaving early. Chuck suggested they do the same as they'd done the day before.

"Not me, man," Bill said emphatically.

"But why not?" asked Chuck. "No one will ever know."

"Easy for you to say," blurted Bill, "but yesterday that sneaky-assed foreman almost caught me!"

Question: Why did God give women tits?

Answer: So the bosses would know who to give smaller paychecks to.

In New York for a rodeo, the Texan decided to go out and look for some action. He stopped at a neighborhood bar and asked a regular about the local ladies. The New Yorker, not wanting any competition from a cowboy, told him that the girls in town looked mostly like dogs and that every one of them had a cunt as big as a bathtub.

The Texan thought this over for a minute, then leaned back with his beer and said, "Aw, what the hell! They'll stretch!"

The chief of police of a large Midwestern city marched into the mayor's office after a raid of porno bookstores. "What shall we do with all these filthy pictures and books my men confiscated?" he asked.

"Same as always," said the mayor. "You keep those with the big tits, and I'll take the ones with the crotch-shots!"

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines *racism* as: a pigment of the imagination.

Three couples went to the parish priest seeking admission into the church. The priest told them that in order to join, they must all abstain from sex for 30 days. At the end of the 30 days the three couples returned. The priest asked the first couple how they had done. The husband said, "We did just fine, Father, for we've been married for 50 years."

Then the second couple was asked the same. "It was difficult the last few days, Father, for we've been married only five years," the husband said.

The priest then asked the third couple, just recently married, and the husband replied, "We did real good for 29 days, Father. Then I saw my wife bending over a head of cabbage, and I rammed her behind."

"Well," said the priest, "I'm very sorry, but you can't come back to my church."

"That's okay, Father," said the third husband sheepishly. "We can't go back to the grocery store either."

Question: What made Hitler commit suicide?

Answer: He got his gas bill.

While playing bridge, a woman bragged, "My attorney has set up an ironclad marital financial arrangement for me. My old fool of a husband can't dispose of his money without my consent, and when he dies, I'll get it all under his last will and testicles."

"Don't you mean *testament*?" her confused partner asked.

"No, I mean *testicles*," the woman laughed. "Even when he's dead, I'll still have the old bastard by the balls!"

HUSTLER HUMOR



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CHESTER THE MOLESTER



"Frozen solid. You been screwing Jewish girls?"

The Hollywood File

Fiction by Rod Thorp

Murder, mutilation, money and cocaine. The Hollywood columnist knew it would be his best story...if he could live to write it.





Illustration by David Mann

Are you drunk, Gallagher?" I grunted. "I'm just waking up, you son of a bitch."

"That doesn't mean anything," Jerry Thompson said over the telephone from the city room downtown. "Turn on your video-display terminal. We have something to show you."

I struggled across my living room to the VDT, my computerized link to the newsroom. Jerry Thompson was one of those young punks who thought a newspaperman ought to go to work in corduroy pants and a purple tie, like a little kid. I'd only met Thompson a couple of times, but I remembered him clearly.

The image of a Los Angeles Police Department bulletin appeared on the screen. A double murder on La Brea. Two guys. Thompson was right. I was drunk—still drunk from the night before.

"This is a job for a kid," I said.

"The boss wants a column on a typical Hollywood murder. You know, the old Gallagher pizzazz. Get down to the scene and see what you can learn."

"Let me talk to him."

"He's out of town," Thompson said. "To tell you the truth, I think he wants to see if you're able to get out of that dungeon you're living in."

"Fuck him!" My eyes focused on the screen. "What's this about mutilations?" No answer. The creep had hung up.

The Del Prado Apartments were at the top of La Brea Avenue, where the urban decay didn't have the moral energy to climb into the Hollywood Hills. Five black-and-whites were nosed to the curb outside. The two dead guys were getting more official attention now than they'd ever had when they were alive. The uniformed cop at the gate didn't know me, and he buzzed the murder apartment for a detective like a doorman announcing a dinner guest.

Harry Brunowski came out. He was a stocky, dark-haired guy with a handlebar mustache. And like all L.A. detectives, he wore razor-sharp sports clothes.

"Gallagher! I didn't know you ever left the house anymore. What's a big-time columnist doing out on a two-bit murder like this?"

"Damned if I know," I grumbled. "Tell me what you have."

"I'll show you," Brunowski said. "Maybe we need a natural-born sleuth like you on this."

Upstairs, the murder apartment looked like Fidel Castro had been hosting an Arab poker party. Furniture was overturned, the floor littered with cigarette butts and broken glass. Cops were dusting for prints and taking pictures.

"In the bedroom," Brunowski said. "Lying side by side, like babies." "Fags?"

Brunowski shrugged. "You tell me." I didn't think I could, not by the look of the two guys—white, naked, on their backs, both of them smiling the half-smile of the freshly dead. On the left the blond guy had a ragged hole in his ribs. The dark-haired older guy on the right had a neater hole in his cheek, and a mess of blood instead of a penis. The blond guy's dick was still attached.

"Where's the gun?"

"We haven't found it yet."

"Not a murder-suicide," I said. "Where's the guy's missing dick?"

"We're looking for that too."

"The blond guy was shot in the back," Brunowski said. "The bullet's in the wall down there next to the television set. The other guy had his cock bitten off before he was shot."

"Bitten?"

"Right down to the root. You have to get real close to see the teeth marks. Shoot, you wouldn't know he had a prick at all. Go ahead, take a look."

Brunowski was grinning. Cops are like little kids—they can stand in the middle of a burned-out school bus and make jokes about going for a barbecue.

The dead guy on the right had leased the apartment. Alfred Osborne, 35, out of Cleveland, with a rap sheet going back 20 years: grand-theft auto, pimping, trafficking in stolen goods, roughing up a couple of women and, lately, dope dealing.

The blond guy was still a mystery.

"What do the neighbors say?"

"The neighbors speak only Russian. Immigrants. We're getting a translator." Brunowski saw me looking at the milky-white powder on the night table. "It's coke," he said. "I tasted it."

I looked at him and smiled, even though it made my head ache. "Good stuff?"

"I've had worse," Brunowski said.

I told the detective I had a deadline to meet and got out of there. Not even a translator was going to get anything out of those Russian neighbors. If you think there are cop haters in America, take a trip to Moscow.

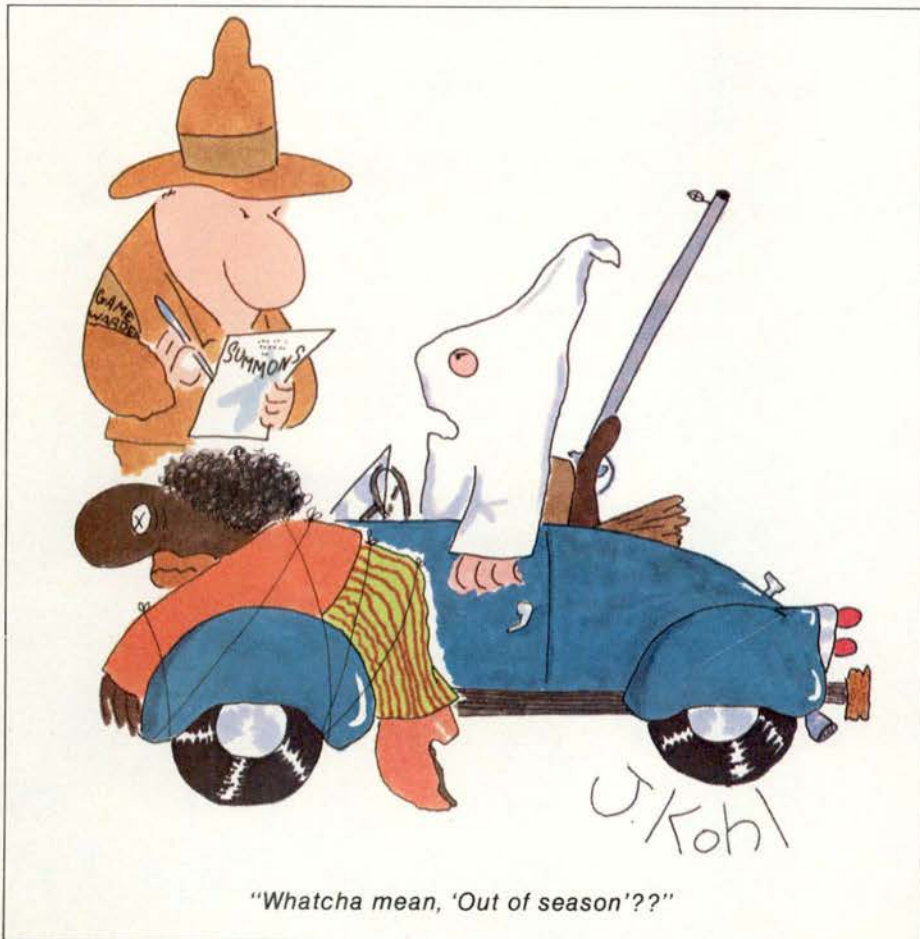
From Sunset and La Brea I called Jerry Thompson at the paper and told him I thought I had something worth looking into, and then we talked about the column that would run in the next day's paper while I worked on this story. Like most columnists, I have a month's stuff in reserve.

Thompson asked why I needed more time on the murder story.

"Can't you see it?" I asked.

"Frankly, no."

"That's because you're an asshole, not
(continued on page 92)

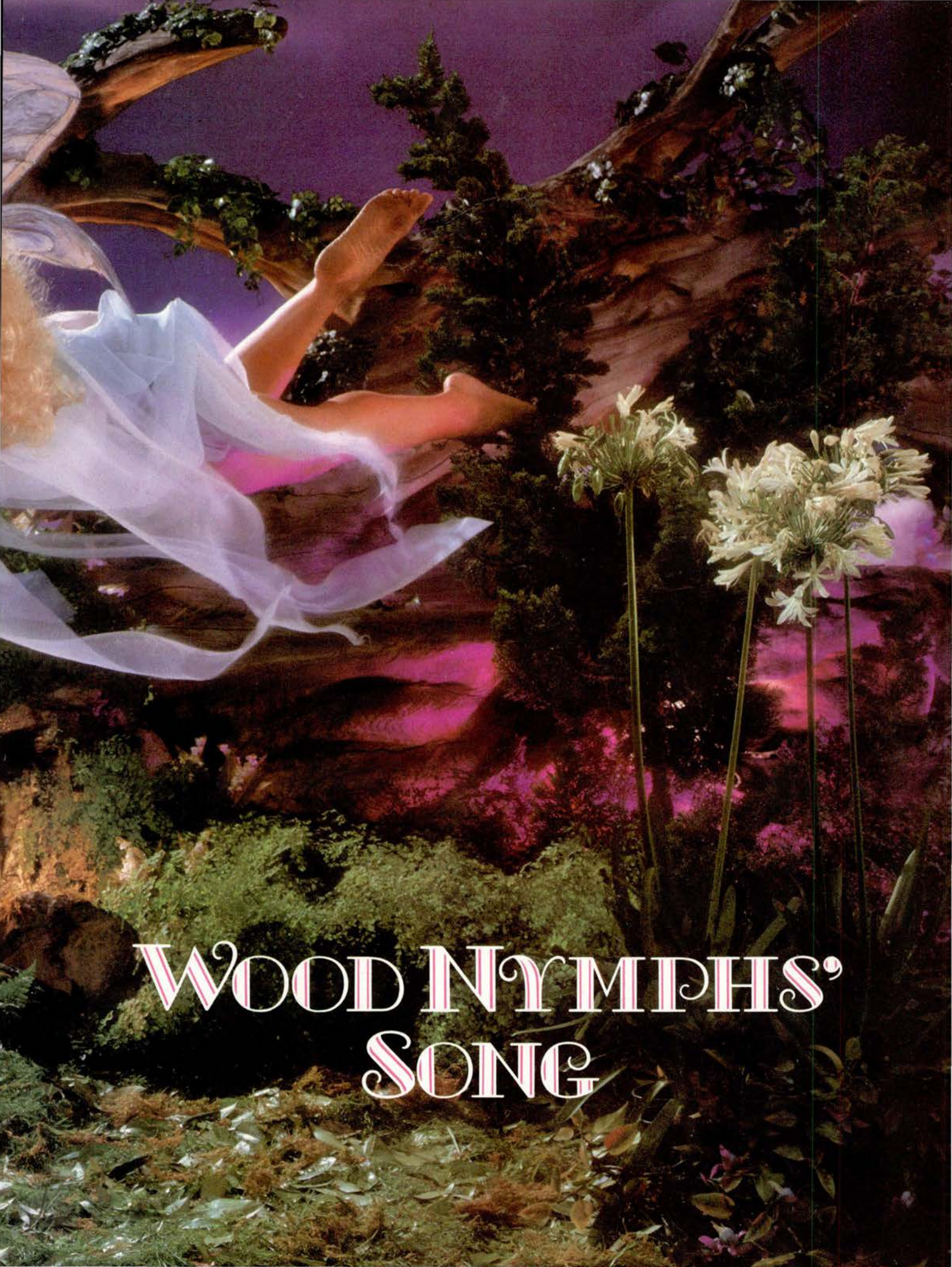


"Whatcha mean, 'Out of season'???"

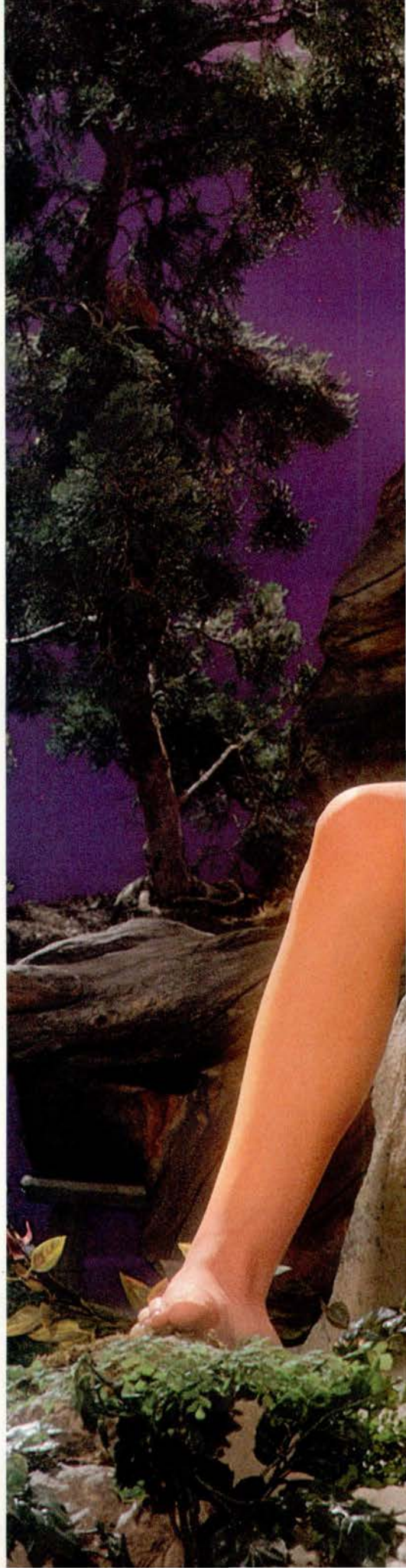


"Am I sending these to *Beaver Hunt*? No, I don't think I could do that to the American public!"





WOOD NYMPHS' SONG

























I thought again about the murder scene. The blond kid on the bed had been no more than 24 to 25 years old. Shot in the back. Figure he hadn't known the bullet was coming. The older guy had known; he'd just had his dick bitten off. A three-way. So the two men weren't killed at exactly the same time. There had been no evidence that the bodies had been moved to the bed—the two had died there. The blond guy had probably died first, and maybe Osborne, the dark-haired guy, killed him—shot him in the back. Then the third party had taken a mouthful of cock. . . .

As I left the Del Prado, I saw a cop marking the tires of the cars parked on the street. In a couple of days he'd come back and make note of the ones that hadn't moved. Running down the registrations would produce the identity of the blond guy, if the cops hadn't learned it some other way already.

and knew the computer signatures of a half-dozen credit agencies in town. I got complimentary tickets to all the sports events, and so Harold, an avid sports fan, lived pretty high in return for the information he gave me. I had to wait until he got back from lunch, and then I asked him to pull the credit-rating report on Osborne.

Name. Age. Address. Telephone number. All your personal information is recorded in scores of places where someone who really wants to know can just reach in and take it. Osborne had given his occupation as "Importer"—accurate enough. He leased a BMW and had an office on Wilshire Boulevard. That made Osborne a pretty big dope dealer, because a little guy just wouldn't bother with that much front.

"He has a yacht," Harold said. "The financing came through Oxnard." Harold was reading a computer print-out. Osborne had accounts at Bullocks, May Company and the Broadway. The Del Prado catered to Russian immigrants—Osborne's lifestyle didn't require accounts at the town's biggest department stores.

"What kind of money was he spending?" I asked.

"Wait a minute," Harold snapped. "Here's another inquiry from Oxnard, the same place that financed the yacht."

"Why the second inquiry from Oxnard?"

"I don't know," Harold said. "He'd gotten the credit. Maybe somebody wanted to double-check. Maybe it was a fuckup. That happens."

"Does it?" I asked.

"Well, maybe it was an unauthorized inquiry, like this one. Gallagher, the guy was buying jewelry—couldn't be anything else. He was racking up bills at \$5,000 a pop. Looks like he had an expensive girlfriend."

"Lot of guys like them that way."

Johnny Carson makes jokes about Oxnard, but it's really not such a bad place, sunny and clean. It's on the ocean, an hour up the coast from Los Angeles.

I went down to the trim little marina, asked about Osborne's boat and found it easily enough: a fat 50-footer with a radar stack and four exhaust tubes, each the diameter of the Alaska pipeline. It was buttoned up tight and covered with dust.

"You're too early!" a woman yelled from another boat. I turned around. She was about 38, brunet, not tall, with a full body, nicely tanned. I could tell because she was wearing half a bikini. Even from a distance, her nipples were the dark-red color of rubies. She was on the deck of a sailboat a little way down the dock. The sun was making my headache worse.

"Too early for what?"

"The party," she said when I got close. "It doesn't start for another couple of days."

"You have beautiful tits," I said.

She smiled, her teeth bright against her tan skin. "I was hoping you'd notice. Can I fix something for you? To drink, I mean."

I leered. "I'll take what you have."

She leered back. "Would you like to go below?"

While she poured a couple of scotches in the miniature galley, I kissed her neck and slid my hand down her bikini bottom to gently squeeze her little buns. She told me that her name was Alice and that her husband and kids were in L.A. for a Dodger game. My cock was throbbing, but I figured I'd better hear about the parties on Osborne's yacht before we started really going below.

"Listening to his parties has been making you crazy, hasn't it?"

"You know it." She was breathing hard. "Do you want this drink or don't you?"

"What about a blond guy at those parties? Maybe 25 years old, good body?"

"Billy. He was supposed to be here at

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ten o'clock this morning. By the time you showed up, I was just nuts." She turned around and kissed me, shoving her tongue in my mouth. "Let me suck your cock, come on."

"Billy likes that."

Her eyes widened. "How do you know?"

"You just told me." Shot in the back, I was thinking. Maybe he was shot in the back while somebody was sucking his cock. Osborne? I pushed Alice's bikini down. She struggled. "What about Billy's girlfriend?" I asked.

"Stop. She caught me giving Billy a blowjob. Did she tell you I don't like to fuck?"

"You're afraid a man is going to make you come, that's your problem. Your husband doesn't do it for you. You're afraid you'd leave him and the luxury life that goes with him if you ever let go. That's how horny you are."

"Don't do anything to me! You know too much—I'm afraid of you!"

I had her by the hair, and I was pushing her back against the counter. She couldn't help opening her legs and showing me her glistening pussy. "What did the girlfriend do to you when she caught you with Billy?"

Alice wept. "I had to do her too. Lick her pussy."

"Is she that tough?"

"No, just the opposite. Anyway, you wouldn't think she was tough. I understand what men see in her."

"What else do you know about her?" I asked.

"Her first name's Nancy. I don't know the last. She works at a yacht brokerage." Her eyes came up toward mine before I rammed my cock into her juicy little snatch. "Oh, oh, please, I'll do anything—"

Too late. She let out a scream they might have heard 60 miles away at Dodger Stadium over the roar of the crowd. After that, she wouldn't let me stop.

From the pay phone up the street I called Oxnard yacht brokerages. On the fifth try I hit pay dirt.

"Let me speak to Nancy, please."

"She didn't come in today," the female voice said.

"Did she call in sick?"

"As a matter of fact, she didn't. May I ask who's calling?"

"The gas company," I said. "She hasn't paid her bill."

The woman let out a hoot. "I thought she had a rich guy giving her jewels! They must have been paste!"

I hung up. In between sessions below deck, Alice had told me the same thing. Billy's last name was Waters, which was apt because he was a skin diver. Alice

had been seeing him around Osborne's boat for the past six months.

Nothing much seemed to have happened on Osborne's yacht lately. Alice had frequently noticed it out of its slip until about two months ago. Billy had started bringing Nancy around about a month before, and Alice had seen Osborne giving the girl the eye. Nancy was about 23 but looked younger.

Alice had wanted to know when she was going to see me again. I gave her the number of the city desk at the newspaper, which was what I usually did when the lady might be a problem.

For all of that, I still didn't have Nancy's last name. I didn't even have the make of her car—she might have been the only adult in California without one, because Alice had seen her being driven up to the dock in all kinds of cars.

I had to figure that Brunowski and the LAPD were handling the case in a completely routine way. After all, what's two guys in bed together in Hollywood, even when they're dead?

I stopped at a shoe store before it got too late, and then when it was dark, I drove back to the marina. The wind was picking up, slapping ropes against the masts. I put on the sneakers I'd bought and made my way down to Osborne's boat. I always carry a knife, and the can-

vas securing the hatch yielded easily to the blade.

Unlike Alice's sailboat, the deck below was large—with the master cabin aft, at the end of a surprisingly long passageway. I pulled the curtains tight before I switched on the battery-powered light on the wall. It didn't take me long to find what I was looking for. Pictures of Nancy. The kind of pictures I expected them to be.

I wished that was all I was able to see, even in that poor light, but it wasn't. I hate being played for a chump. There was a family resemblance so striking that for a split second I thought I was seeing someone else, someone I knew only too well.

"Hi, Gallagher," Alice said behind me. I kept looking at the snapshots. "Where's your husband now?"

"Asleep. Too much baseball, I guess. Why didn't you let me blow you this afternoon?"

I gave her the pictures. "I thought you might bite off more than you could chew."

She barely heard me, she was so fascinated by the pictures. Nancy in stockings and garter belt, Nancy in bondage, Nancy in terror. It looked too real; or Nancy was a wonderful actress—the kind men like.

"I wasn't sure she was so versatile," Alice said. "But I suspected as much."

I had her hair again. "How about you?"

She grinned. "Oh, now you're ready, huh? I called that phone number you gave me. It was mean of you not to tell me you were a newspaperman. Then on TV tonight was the news about Billy and Osborne."

"Keep talking."

I was hurting her a little—she knew I wasn't kidding. "The TV said Osborne was a cocaine dealer. I didn't know that. They always had plenty, but that doesn't mean anything—"

"You didn't tell anybody. I know that much now." I let go of her and stared until she got the idea. She got down on her knees and held my cock in her hand for no more than five seconds before she put it deep in her mouth.

I took my time driving back to town because there was only one place Nancy could be. I didn't give a shit whose sister she was. Like I said, I don't like being played for a chump. There was nothing for me to do but go back to my place and write the story and get it in the computer downtown. That's what I was paid to do.

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part. I had the oldest angle in the world: *beauty and the beast*.

You had to know a guy like Osborne—what a guy like Osborne really was. You don't get a rap sheet like his by being Mr. Nice Guy. He was the kind of nitwit who had to take everything to the limit—like stealing a woman's furniture and then beating her up when she complained. Suddenly he was into big money through cocaine, and he thought he had to live it up. He thought he had to live big.

The thing about Nancy was that she was just beautiful—innocent, sweet-looking. So what's a nice girl like her doing with a scumbag like Osborne? Figure \$30,000 worth of jewelry. And enough drugs and late-night partying to leave a co-worker surprised to hear Nancy hadn't paid her gas bill. Women like Nancy get messed up like that because they like it. They like the action.

Oxnard's not all that big. Osborne had Billy working for him—probably picking up drugs off the Channel Islands—and Billy finally brought Nancy, his girl, around. By coincidence she worked at the agency that financed Osborne's boat. Osborne made a pass at her, and she ran a credit check on him to see if he was what he said he was. That explained the second credit check that had turned up. He had money, all right. A lot of women will take a poke at a deal like that. So Nancy started hanging around the boat. She had the stuff, and she knew it. She knew she'd be all right.

But that's not exactly the way cocaine works—or a guy like Osborne either, for that matter. So Osborne, Nancy and Billy all wound up in Hollywood together. And then—maybe just for laughs—Osborne shot Billy in the back. It didn't make any difference whether Nancy was going down on Osborne at the time or later; the important thing was that she figured out a way to get the gun away from Osborne and used it on him. Then she ran to her brother.

Well, it was a good theory anyway. One of these days I may even be able to sell it to cable television. Nancy wasn't where I thought she'd be. Nancy was waiting for me at my apartment.

And she was much more beautiful in person than in her photographs, even the shots that had her cute little ass in the air. There was the family resemblance, but that didn't make her less beautiful—you never know how things are going to work out that way.

The girl sitting on the sofa in front of me was wearing jeans and a Mickey Mouse sweatshirt. She had blue eyes—dark-blue eyes—and she started flashing them right away. Oh, she had the stuff, all right. She looked like a teenager,

fresh and well scrubbed, not like some coke hog who had been partying and killing guys all night.

"Are you Gallagher? Do you know you went out of here and left your door unlocked? I walked right in."

"I was just noticing."

She leaned forward. "Well?"

"Well, what?"

"Well, I did everything you told me to. Now do you want to tell me how this was supposed to help me?"

I pulled over one of the stools from the bar. "Let's turn the game around, if you don't mind. I never leave my door unlocked. I come home and find a young, pretty girl I've been hearing about all day—"

"What are you talking about? You *are* Gallagher, aren't you? I got your message that you wanted to help me with a dope dealer who was giving me trouble. You told me I was supposed to wait in a fleabag hotel downtown until I heard from you. Who do you think you are, Howard Fucking Hughes?" Nancy smiled again.

"What do you know about a guy named Osborne?"

"That's the dope dealer! He's the pig of the earth!"

"What about Billy Waters?"

She wrinkled her nose. "Osborne's a stooge. A needle-dicked bugfucker. He used to be my boyfriend. Osborne has a yacht out at Oxnard. Billy introduced me to him. Osborne came on strong. He's well hung too. I'm a California girl. Know what I mean?"

"Yeah. This is pioneer country."

"You got it," she said with a grin that melted me. "It got too crazy. I mean, I don't mind being crazy once in a while, but last week was too much. It was getting tough."

"You got a message from me that I wanted to help you?" I said.

"From your secretary," she said.

"I don't have a secretary. She told you to go to a hotel downtown. Let me guess: There was no TV in the room?"

"Not even a radio," she said.

"And you've been there since—when? Yesterday?"

"The day before."

"And you took my secretary's instructions because your brother said I'd help you get away from Osborne and Billy Waters. I didn't know anything about you until I saw your pictures on Osborne's yacht this afternoon. Your brother should have thought of the family resemblance—that I'd see it right away.

"You're Nancy Thompson. Your brother Jerry works for my paper—"

Her eyes shifted upward, over my
(continued on page 102)

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able property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry (preferably more than one photo) to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Use the model release on page 96, or a reasonable facsimile. And be sure to fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your Beaver her \$50.

Photo by Frank



McGaheysville, Virginia, is home for Dixie, 21, who likes sports and "making moonshine." She fantasizes about the police busting in, trying to find her still. "No matter how much they pound me," she says, "I won't tell."

Photo by David Govern



Chris is a billing clerk from Plainfield, New Jersey. This 21-year-old enjoys ice-skating, skinny-dipping and traveling, and she would like to "make love in zero gravity."

Photo by R. F.



Baseball, pool and partying are Pam Caldwell's hobbies. This 24-year-old roofer from Sacramento, California, would love to make love in the middle of a baseball field.



Photo by Joe

Forty-five-year-old J. B. S. is a grandmother from Alton, Illinois. She says that, since getting divorced, all her sexual fantasies have come true except one—appearing nude in HUSTLER. Now that one has too.

Photo by Louis



New Orleans, Louisiana, is home for Suraya Birkhoff. This 18-year-old singing-telegram deliveryperson enjoys "dancing, bitching, dressing and punk rock," and her fantasy, to appear in HUSTLER Magazine, has now been fulfilled.

Photo by Husband



Gigi dreams of being "a gorgeous HUSTLER centerfold." This 26-year-old housewife from Central, New Mexico, spends her time riding horses, sewing, drawing and taking pictures.



Photo by Husband

Nineteen-year-old Marion is a florist from Las Vegas, Nevada, who enjoys swimming in the nude, sex and "four-wheelin'." She dreams of having sex with another girl while her husband watches.



Twenty-two-year-old Sonia hails from Jackson Heights, New York. A student who likes drawing and swimming, she dreams of "wearing a skirt and no panties to school and having my teacher keep me after class."

Photo by Douglas



Photo by John Drake



Kitten is a 24-year-old topless dancer from San Antonio, Texas, who enjoys dancing, muscles, watching wrestling matches and sex. She dreams of "having sex with one or more women, or with a famous pro wrestler."



Huntington Beach, California, is home for Samantha, 18. When she's not motorcycling or making love, this student dreams of an airborne threesome with rock star Steve Perry and her boyfriend.

Photo by Big Norm



Buffalo, New York, is home for Tweet. A 19-year-old housewife, she likes ceramics and crocheting. Her sexual fantasy, to appear in HUSTLER, has now been fulfilled.

Photo by Woody Murray



"Making love under the depths of the ocean in the midst of tiny schools of fish" would satisfy the fantasy of Nancy S. This 26-year-old East Coast housewife scuba dives and rides horses.

Twenty-six-year-old Rena Smith's only hobby is "men." A carpenter's helper from Orlando, Florida, Rena says that she has no sexual fantasies, "because I live them!"



Photo by Rivera

Photo by Mark Ulrich



"Sunshine" is into motorcycling, boating and horseback riding. The sexual fantasy of this 19-year-old sales assistant from Grafton, Ohio, is to have as many orgasms in one night as she can.



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THE HOLLYWOOD FILE

(continued from page 96)

shoulder, toward the hall. She was frightened too, and it was no act.

"Hello, Jerry," I said.

"You're pretty sharp, Gallagher. Don't turn around—"

"A gun!" Nancy cried. "What in the hell are you doing, Jerry? Have you gone nuts?"

"Your brother's a sick man, Nancy."

"I know that," she snarled. "The fucking little creep—"

"He was in bed with your playmates last night," I said to her.

"He's famous for that! For years I thought cocksucking ran in the family!"

"You bitch!" Jerry Thompson shouted.

"You're in love with your own sister," I said to him. "It's got you so turned around you don't know what sex you are."

"He never did know," Nancy said, glaring at him.

"She's a whore, Gallagher," Thompson spat out. "She's been like this as long as I can remember."

"She's been working you over for as long as you remember," I said. "That's what you mean." I smiled at Nancy. "Alice at the Oxnard marina told me you were special. I can see why. You've been going to school on your brother since you were a little kid—"

Her expression turned ugly. "Fuck you, Gallagher."

"Tell her what you did last night, Jerry."

"I know what he did," she sneered.

"He tried to frame you for a double murder. Maybe he did my so-called secretary's voice himself. Until I saw you, I thought he was trying to protect you—"

"When that Alice called from Oxnard, I knew you'd learn the truth," Jerry said. "I just wanted you to keep track of the police."

"Jerk," I said. "You shot Billy first, then Osborne—"

"I bit Osborne, to create a little diversion—"

"You're crazy!" Nancy screamed.

I saw the gun come over my shoulder, but I wasn't quick enough, and Nancy was up from the sofa, screaming, realizing not only what her brother had done in his twisted, desperate love for her, but also what he was going to do to her now.

It took only a second. Jerry Thompson fired once into his sister's eye and then turned the gun on himself even as I reached for it. He put the barrel in his mouth and pulled the trigger, and I watched his head explode all over the room.

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I dated Lori for more than six months, and she never let me fuck her. Yeah, you probably think I'd be crazy to put up with that stuff without getting laid—but you had to see Lori.

She had wonderful long legs, a face like a covergirl, little tits that were juicy enough to wiggle just the right way but firm enough to jut straight out, and the most incredible tight ass I'd ever seen. *Too* tight, as a matter of fact: She wouldn't let me near it.

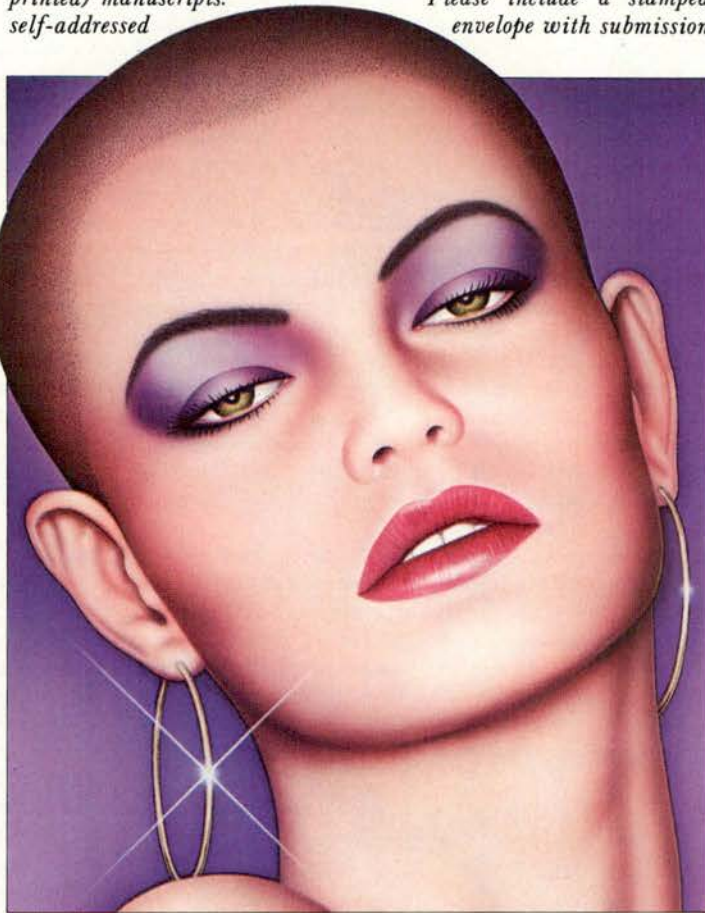
I begged and begged, but she was one of those "high morals" girls—no cunt until she got an engagement ring. I tried walking away from her several times, but what kept me coming back every time was her hair. She had this long auburn hair that seemed to smell fresh every day. She always looked like a girl in a Breck shampoo ad. But finally, after six months of being put off, I had enough. Fuck her *and* her hair.

I tried hitting the local bars, but every time I'd see a girl who looked willing and eager, I'd see Lori's face—and her hair—and get depressed. A couple of months went by, and when a job opened up in a little town 80 miles east, I packed up my few things and left. The first weeks there were as dull as hell, my new job with an insurance company was a pain in the ass, and none of the girls I met turned me on. I began to think of Lori and got even more depressed.

Then late one night at a local club, listening to the band and having some beers, I glanced over at the table next to mine. There sat the most gorgeous creature I'd ever seen. The girl was alone, but she danced with a few guys, and I watched her in motion—carefully. She wore a tight pink sweater that hugged her large breasts in a way that made them look like they'd burst out onto the dance floor. Her tight Levi's gripped her round ass snugly, and her firm, full lips and high cheekbones made a certain part of my body stand up.

But the most fascinating thing about her—to *me* anyway—was the shoulder-

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HOT, HORNY & HAIRLESS

by Bill Berg

length platinum-blond hair that shimmered around her head like a silver wreath when she danced. She obviously noticed my open-mouthed stare, because when she caught my eye, she smiled and blushed. Since other males in the joint had already shown interest, I decided to make my move as soon as she sat back down.

I didn't bullshit around to try to disguise my intentions a bit. I just slid out of my booth and into hers, said hello and asked if I could sit with her. She smiled and said she didn't mind, then asked me to buy her a refill.

We got to talking. Her name was Andrea, and she had just arrived in town after going through a painful divorce.

I remembered those first weeks after leaving Lori, and I told Andrea I knew what she was going through. As we talked, the faint scent of her perfume mixed with dance-floor sweat drove me crazy. I stroked her fine mane of near-white hair, and when I complimented her on it, she laughed and said thanks. We had a few more drinks before last call was announced. I *had* to take this girl home!

As we moved outside, I asked her if she had plans for the next day. She said that she'd be busy... but that I could come home with her right then. I nearly had heart failure.

At her apartment I sat on the couch while she poured some wine. For a while we continued our small talk, and I couldn't keep my eyes off her sparkling hair. I noticed her staring at the bulge in my pants as she peered over the rim of her wine glass. Grinning, she ran her tongue across her teeth.

My heart pounded as this golden goddess stood up, then slowly—*very* slowly—began to pull her sweater up over her head, revealing her bra-clasped tits. Then she removed her cowboy boots and slid out of her jeans, standing there in just bra and panties—and that cascading blond hair.

Breathing heavily, I slid back onto the couch and watched with more than a passing interest. She slid her

fingers up her belly until she came to the bra. She unclasped it and dropped it onto the floor; with another liquid motion she peeled off her panties, revealing a dark pubic bush and the pink lips hidden within.

Dark pubes? I thought. *My beautiful, blond Andrea isn't a real blonde?*

My cock was rock-hard, and I began worrying about spilling a load into my pants. I stretched out my hand to grab her, but she held up one finger—she still had a surprise in her bag of tricks. Her hands slid around to the back of her neck and worked their way up to her scalp, and she began to do something I couldn't quite figure. Then came the most surprising thing I've ever seen. Her

long platinum curls slid down her chest into a pile on the floor, exposing her shaved head.

She was completely bald!

I scarcely believed my eyes as this hairless beauty sank to her knees and unleashed my cock from my pants. If my open-mouthed staring at her in the club had been obvious, my look of shock at this bald-headed babe must have been fucking *hysterical!!* Maybe she'd been through shit with other guys' reactions before; in any case, she began licking the swollen knob of my cock with her eyes closed.

I felt a peculiar combination of fascination, horniness, and a need to puke. As I stared at her bald head, weird images flashed through my mind: Telly Savalas, Winston Churchill, and my math teacher in grade school who had the same kind of between-shaves stubble on his skull that Andrea had.

Thinking those things did *nothing* to turn me on though. Even inside her wet mouth my prick shrank a little. I closed my eyes and concentrated on the feeling, then looked at her again. There was this beautiful face on this hairless head, and it was buried in my crotch, licking and sucking away. For a guy who's always gotten off on hair—especially long hair—this was *really* strange, exotic even.

I tried thinking about black disco singer Grace Jones and the actress who played the sexy alien in the first *Star Trek* movie. I decided, *Go with the flow.*

Andrea slid her full, rich lips down the length of my shaft, and I moaned loudly—my first blowjob in nearly a year, and I was getting it from a bald beauty!

The sensation of Andrea's tongue flicking across my cock and the pressure of her lips sliding up and down my rod threatened to have me spurting like a water hose. As I felt my orgasm approach, I stroked her head with both of my hands. The feeling was unreal—like running your hands across your face after not shaving for a couple of days.

A wave of pleasure tore through me as I spilled hot love juice into her sweet mouth. She lapped up every single drop, then held her head up to look me in the eyes. A drop of cum dripped from her teeth and ran down her chin—a sight that had me erect and ready to go again.

I stripped off my pants and moved closer to her. She twisted around on her knees, positioning herself with her dynamite ass staring me in the face. I saw wetness ooze from her beautiful pink slit as I jammed all seven inches of my prick deep inside her, slapping into the back

wall of her cunt. My balls stung as they bounced against that wonderful butt. My index finger slid into her pouting anus, and I continued to slide my cock in and out of her cunt as she moaned and trembled with each successive thrust. Finally, I burst inside her repeatedly until I thought I'd pass out. Her ass bucked wildly as she came with a deep grunt.

We lay on the floor near the couch, spent, exhausted and breathing deeply. I took a moment to look at this surprising woman I'd just fucked. Somehow her baldness *did* make her quite attractive; her angular face seemed even more striking. It was like a shaved pussy, sort of: Take the hair away, and you realize what that part of the body really looks like.

Andrea had very soft shoulders and wonderfully round tits; so the roundness of her shaved head fit in with the rest of her fabulous body. When she had her breath back, she explained that she'd had surgery earlier that year, and her head had to be shaved. She decided she liked the feel and the look, and had kept her Yul Brynner hairdo ever since.

I was almost ready to drift off to sleep there on the floor, but this girl wasn't through yet. She leaned over and again placed her lips on my softened cock. After a minute or so of friendly persuasion, I rose to the occasion. She was slurping me like mad, and I felt about ready to blow my wad when she suddenly removed her mouth and began rubbing my throbbing dick across her stubble-laced head!

Whoa—talk about a strange feeling! It felt like a hundred tiny needles pricking my cock—a little painful, but weird enough to be a turn-on. After I unloaded a stream of milky cum onto her bald skull, she reached up and massaged the warm semen into her scalp until it glistened in the lamplight. She laughed as I rubbed the sticky goo around into her stubble-covered pate like shampoo. Snuggling up close, she kissed me warmly and hotly, and we both fell asleep.

We started seeing each other regularly, and I've got the best of all possible worlds. I have a girlfriend who can be a blond, a redhead, a brunette or entirely bald, and looks great *any* way. To add to it all, she also shaved her pussy. When Andrea's naked, she almost looks like an ancient Greek statue come to life: all curves and woman, and no hair to get in the way.

After a while I even forgot about Lori—until an old friend brought me up to date on the latest gossip. Seems that Lori got herself knocked up by some slick-talking hairdresser. I wonder if the guy gave her a flashy ring first. 🐣

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Honey



CAR TROUBLE CAN BE A PAIN IN THE ASS. BUT HONEY'S BUSINESS ARRANGEMENT WITH HER MECHANIC TURNS IT INTO A MUCH MORE PLEASURABLE SENSATION IN A DIFFERENT PART OF THE ANATOMY.

HONEY, I'M NOT SURE I'VE GOT THE TOOL FOR THIS JOB.

I MEAN THE SHAFT IS BROKEN.

DON'T BE SO INSECURE. YOUR TOOL IS JUST FINE.

FEELS OKAY TO ME.

THE MECHANIC COMES OUT FROM UNDER THE CAR WITH SOME BAD NEWS.



MR. GOODRAUNCH

SERIOUSLY, THE DRIVE SHAFT IS SHOT, AND THE TRANSMISSION'S ABOUT TO GO. REPAIRS WOULD COST A BUNDLE!

OH, WELL, I GUESS IT WAS TIME FOR A NEW CAR ANYWAY.

AT HOME, HONEY INTERRUPTS A SESSION IN ILSA'S DUNGEON FOR A QUICK "CAR-SHOPPING" ANNOUNCEMENT.



GIRLS, THE CAR'S HAD IT. WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED WITH THIS CUSTOMER, WE'RE GOING OUT LOOKING FOR SOMETHING FLASHY AND FAST!

THAT'S HOW I GOT INTO THIS SITUATION!

THE GIRLS CHECK OUT EVERYTHING FROM ALFA-ROMEOS TO "Z" CARS, BUT FINALLY FALL IN LOVE WITH THE STAINLESS-STEEL WONDER - THE DI LORIAN.

The '83 Di LORIAN



Star of the New Film
"SNORT MY DUST"

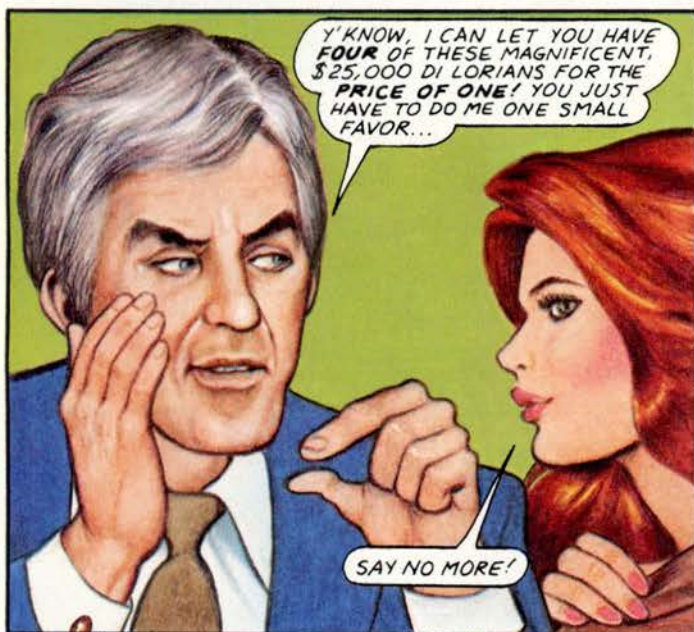
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OF US, SO I GUESS
WE'LL NEED FOUR
OF THEM.

FOUR?
THIS IS THE CARAVAN
I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!



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PRICE OF ONE! YOU JUST
HAVE TO DO ME ONE SMALL
FAVOR...

SAY NO MORE!



GOING FROM ZERO TO SEXY IN MERE
SECONDS, THE GIRLS STRIP
THEIR GEAR.

NO, NO.
YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND!
I APPRECIATE
THE OFFER,
BUT I NEED
A DIFFERENT
KIND OF FAVOR.
WHAT I WANT
YOU TO DO
IS...



...TEST DRIVE THE CARS TO LOS ANGELES! IT WOULD BE A
GREAT... ER... PROMOTIONAL GIMMICK!

HUH?!?!?

IT'S A LONG
DRIVE, BUT FOR
A \$75,000 DISCOUNT,
WE'LL GO!

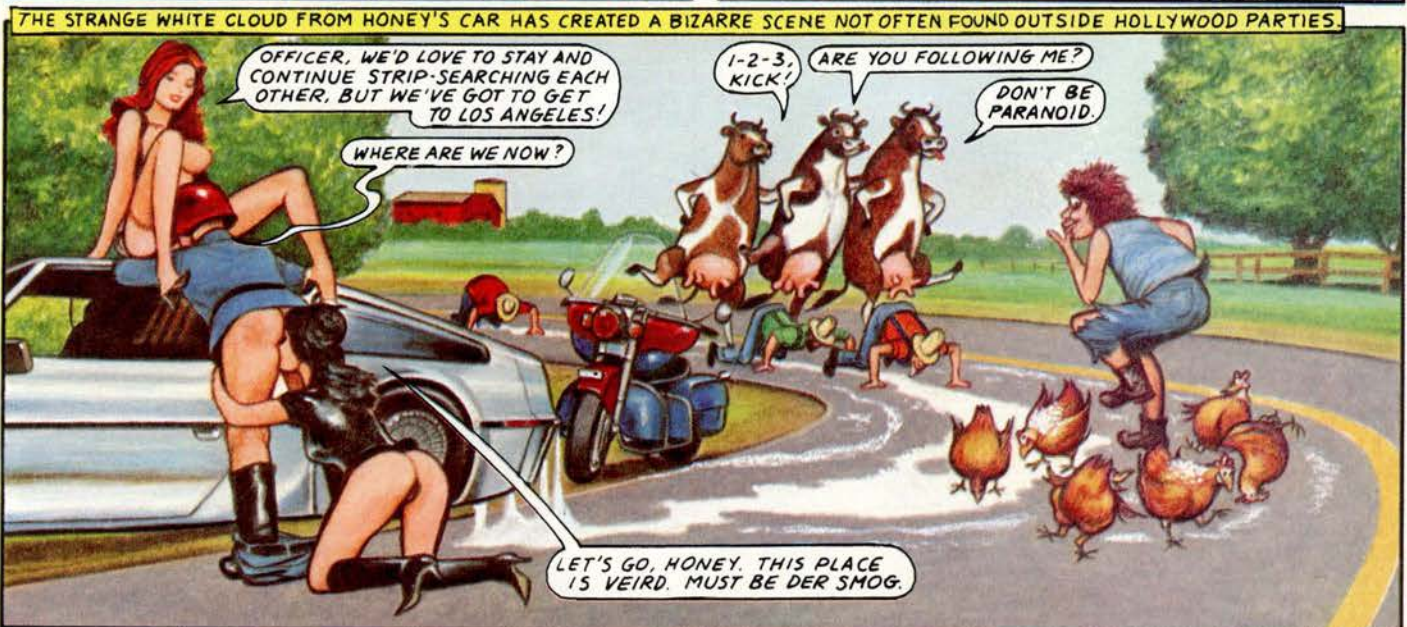
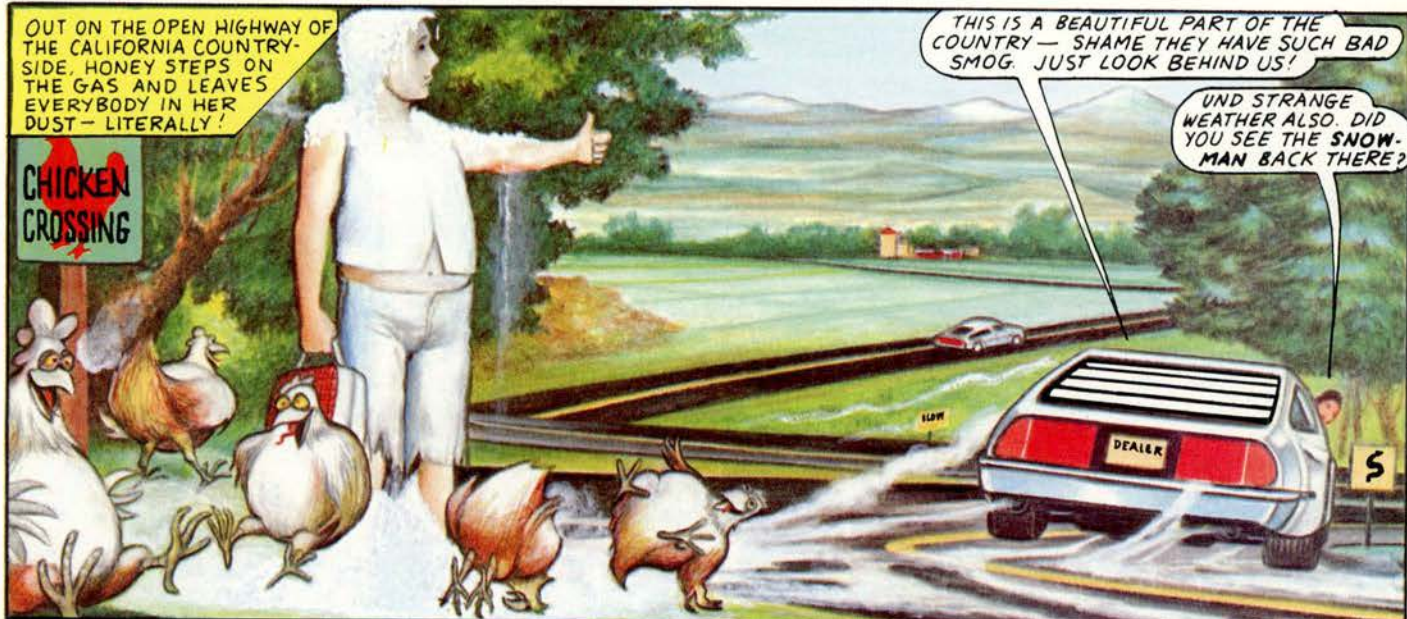


UNAWARE THAT THE ROAD TO LOS ANGELES IS PAVED WITH GOOD
INTENTIONS, HONEY AND THE GIRLS
HIT THE STREETS.

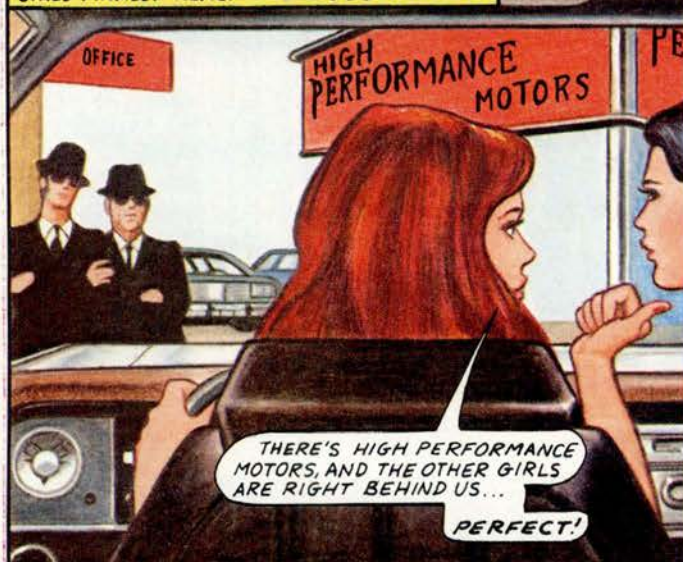
JUST TAKE THE CARS
TO HIGH PERFORMANCE MOTORS
IN L.A. AFTER A QUICK CHECKUP BY
ITS MECHANICS,
THE CARS
ARE YOURS.

DI LORIAN'S
GIVE YOU
WHITE-LINE FEVER

OUT



THE REST OF THE TEST DRIVE GOES MUCH SMOOTHER, AND THE GIRLS FINALLY REACH THEIR DESTINATION.



THERE'S HIGH PERFORMANCE MOTORS, AND THE OTHER GIRLS ARE RIGHT BEHIND US...

PERFECT!

HONEY DELIVERS THE GOODS, BUT NOT THE KIND SHE EXPECTS.



WELL, HERE THEY ARE. THEY HANDLED BEAUTIFULLY AND...

SAVE IT, SISTER. WE'RE FEDS, AND THIS IS A BUST!

WHAT?!

THE FEDERAL NARCOTICS AGENTS REMOVE SOME OF THE STAINLESS-STEEL PANELS TO EXPOSE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS' WORTH OF COCAINE AND A CHARACTER WITH A NOT-SO-STAINLESS REPUTATION.

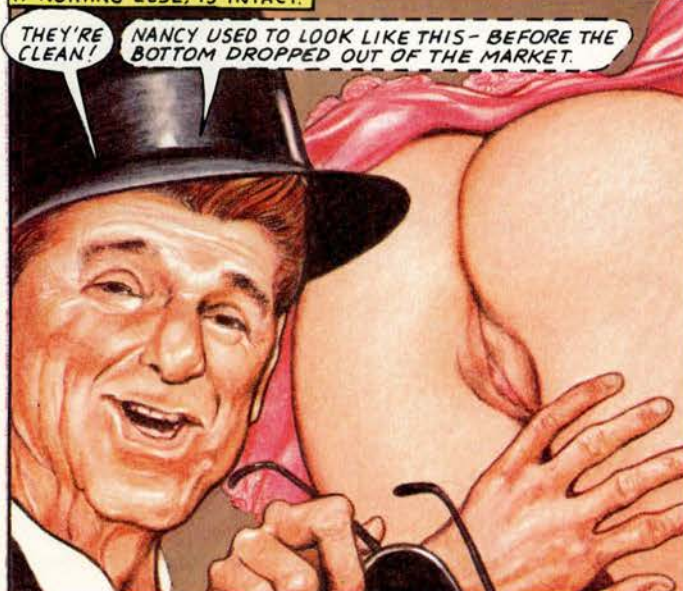


ALL RIGHT, DI LORIAN. THE TRIP IS OVER. YOUR NEXT RIDE IS UP THE RIVER!

THIS LOUSY BUM WAS TRYING TO PULL THE BIGGEST COCAINE DEAL IN HISTORY! AND YOU GIRLS WERE HIS UNKNOWING PAWNS. I'M AFRAID WE'LL STILL HAVE TO SEARCH YOU THOUGH.

NOT AGAIN!

A QUICK ORIFICE EXAMINATION PROVES THAT THE GIRLS' INNOCENCE, IF NOTHING ELSE, IS INTACT.



THEY'RE CLEAN!

NANCY USED TO LOOK LIKE THIS— BEFORE THE BOTTOM DROPPED OUT OF THE MARKET.

DI LORIAN IS TAKEN INTO CUSTODY, THE NARCS GET THEIR MAN — AND THE GIRLS GET THEIR CARS.



WE CAN KEEP THE CARS?

AFTER THEY'RE USED AS EVIDENCE, THEY'RE YOURS. CONSIDER IT A PRESENT FROM UNCLE SAM FOR HELPING IN OUR WAR AGAINST DRUG TRAFFICKING.

YEAH, I HAD ANOTHER PARTNER BEFORE RON, BUT HE HAD TO GO. KEPT TAKING HIS WORK HOME WITH HIM.

THE END

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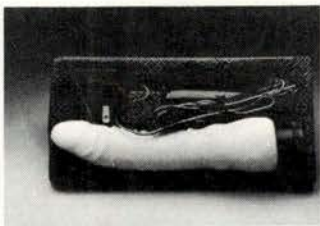
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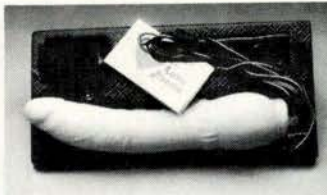
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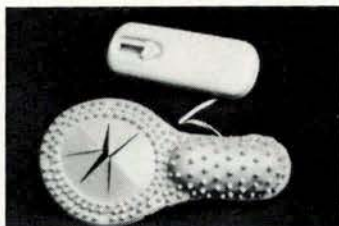
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Besides to us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

Edited by Lonn M. Friend

THE SCAM CONTINUES

In December 1982 this column warned about a videotape company using the names *U.F.A. Fulfillment Inc.* and *Sanstape*, both having New York post-office boxes and both advertising adult feature films at less than \$10 apiece. Well, it has recently been brought to our attention that this group of ripoffs is now operating under a brand-new name and address—everything's new except their familiar advertisements for the same impossible deal.

PC Video Inc. (P.O. Box 691, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10113) is offering "ten hard-core full-color video features for just \$99." Except for a slight change in the wording, its brochures look exactly the same. The phrase "the wonderful world of video presents" has been replaced with "the exciting world of video presents." This is evidently a result of the pressure put on by the real *Wonderful World of Video*, a legitimate videotape distributor that brought legal action against the then-*U.F.A./Sanstape* for using its name in ads. The names may have been changed, but the ripoff's the same.

What we told you in December 1982 still holds true: The stuff you receive from these guys isn't what you are led to expect. For your \$99 you are actually sent bits and pieces of pirated films spliced together to make one tape. Beware of any brochures you may receive in the mail promising unrealis-

tic bargains. And one more note: The original *U.F.A./Sanstape* mailers were signed by either a Jack E. Rossie or Jack Michaels. That signature on the new *P. C. Video* has been changed to Philip Worth, another pseudonym, we would guess, for the mysterious man behind this questionable operation.

Mail-Order Feedback will continue to watch this company and provide you with the information you need to avoid being taken in by offers that are just too good to be true.

HARD-CORE VS. SOFT-CORE

Today I received a VHS tape from Wholesale Supply (P.O. Box 27041, Hollywood, CA 90027). The ad, which has run several times in HUSTLER, said: "These maximum hard-core items contain highly explicit scenes of controversial sex acts." This is bullshit! For \$82.95 I got an hourlong tape of pricktasting, barely soft-core vignettes. What's up? —J. M. Cambridge, Ohio

Lack of sexual explicitness in adult material purchased through mail-order prompts most of the complaints sent to us. The explanation is simple: Some companies sell hard-core; some don't. But they all advertise their products as hard-core, and therein lies the problem. Unfortunately, the law allows porn dealers to advertise virtually any way they want, mainly because no legal institution has ever firmly defined that arbitrary boundary between soft-core and hard-core. Our advice has always been to get as much information about a firm as you can before you make a purchase.

When we evaluate a company's product, we look for things normally associated with the term *hard-core*, such as cum-shots and penetration. As far as *Wholesale Supply* (a/k/a *Wholesale Film Services*) goes, neither of these is visible in its products; hence we label it a soft-core outfit. The misleading ad angers us, and no doubt our reader fell into the same pit that most novice porn buyers do—believing everything they read.

Some companies do sell nothing but hard-core, and we've told you about them in the past (e.g., *Fantasy Images*, *Film Collector's Association* and *P. G.*

Distributors, to name a few). However, many businesses are afraid to distribute hard-core material because of the capricious whims of local jurisdictions in deciding what is "obscene."

Of course, it is *Wholesale's* right to sell soft-core and remain in business as long as people want to buy that stuff. But it's downright sneaky and unfair to mislead the buyers with spicy advertisements that imply hard-core but deliver considerably less.

Your best guarantee for finding the brand of erotica that appeals to you, whether hard or soft, is to be careful. For instance, never spend a lot on your initial purchase from an unfamiliar outfit. Get a sample of its goods first. And keep your eye on this column. We'll give you the hard facts.

MORE LISA

I just saw the film The Filthy Rich and was enthralled by the bosomy redhead Lisa DeLeeuw. Where can I get some videotapes featuring this sexpot? —F. L. Seattle, Washington

Busty Lisa is one of the most popular (and prolific) stars on the adult-film circuit. In the past year she has made a number of erotic features. The best of them are *I Like to Watch* (reviewed by HUSTLER in November 1982, rated Three-Quarters Erect); *The Girl From S.E.X.*, a spy thriller with the wild red-top playing agent 38DD; and *A Brief Affair*, featuring Lisa as an insatiable instructor of a girl's ballet school.

In addition to her feature-length movies, Ms. DeLeeuw appears frequently in the *Swedish Erotica* line of videotape loops. An especially hot pair are Volumes 41 and 42, in which Lisa appears with Bridgette Monet.

You can order any of these feature or *Swedish Erotica*-loop titles on BETA or VHS tape from *VMC (Video Mail-Order Company)*, 21540 Blyth St., P.O. Box 1644, Canoga Park, CA 91304. Or call toll-free (800) 423-5106 except in California, where the number is (213) 992-6170. Feature films are \$79.95, and videotape loops are \$49.95. Include \$6 postage and handling with each order. And for \$5 VMC will send you its product catalog.

By the way, you might be interested in checking out the March 1980 HUSTLER pictorial *Red on Red*. It features you-know-who. . . .

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SD-3 BACKDOOR BROAD. Venus is sucking, jacking and sliding her cunt down over David's ready cock — as hard as she tries — he won't cum. Finally, he gets a straight shot at her asshole. It's tightness blows his load!

SD-4 NAUGHTY NURSES. See a 10" cock... fuck a pair of 60" TITS! When nurses get horny — they look for a patient with a big cock. See sizzling close ups of Bubbles' fabulous 60" tits being squeezed, massaged, sucked and fucked — and when she's hot, she sucks his fat prick — then buries it deep into her furry mound — all the while, another horny couple are doing their thing which includes good old fashioned "doggie-style" fucking!

SD-5 FUCKING FIVESOME. In a beautiful country home these five lewd lovers cum together in countless combinations. Gena sucks R.J., while Jon fucks Kyoto and cums on her face. Everyone cums in a tangle of thrusting bodies. There are so many fuck positions — this film could be used as a marriage manual!

SD-6 RAUNCHY ROOMMATES. Angie, Maxine and their boyfriends couple passionately. First a little cock sucking and cunt lapping. Soon they switch to sonately. First a little cock sucking and cunt lapping. Soon they switch to sonately. First a little cock sucking and cunt lapping. Soon they switch to sonately. First a little cock sucking and cunt lapping. Soon they switch to sonately.



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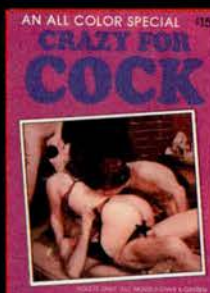
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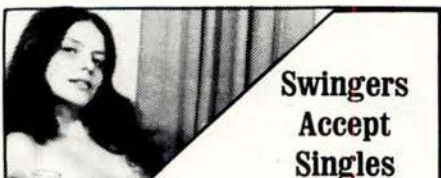
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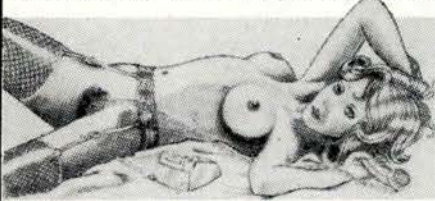


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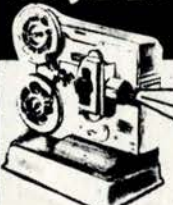
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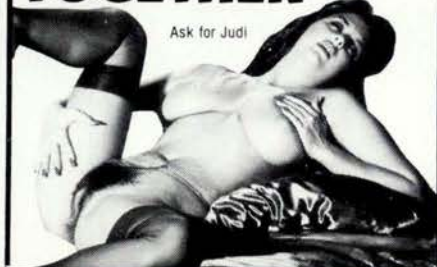


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**Annie:** Mr. Stud, I've seen quite a few of your better films and I've got to admit you've turned me on many times. You always look so confident, so sure of yourself with women. Did you always have that masterful touch?

**Mr. Stud:** Actually, no, Annie. I know a lot of people are going to be surprised by this, but before I got into films, I was terribly insecure about myself. I was awkward and worried about all sorts of things. Mostly, I just scared myself into feelings of rejection.

**Annie:** What did you do? How did you overcome it?

**Mr. Stud:** I was very lucky. I met a warm loving woman who wasn't afraid to go to bed with me—in spite of my size. I know it sounds ridiculous, but being too big has its own handicaps. I used to think I'd hurt a woman, and it made me gun-shy, so to speak. But I can really understand a guy who feels he's too small to please a woman.

**Annie:** I think I know what you mean. I really do. I know I prefer a man who's got a good technique in bed. That counts for a lot. But if I had to choose between two men who were both terrific lovers, I have to admit I'd go for the one with a bigger penis first. It's just a natural female preference.

**Mr. Stud:** I've heard it both ways, Annie. That size doesn't mean as much as technique, and that size is the only thing that matters. Does bigger really mean better?

**Annie:** Speaking for myself, definitely yes! I enjoy looking at a big penis, fondling it and holding it. And when I'm making love, the feeling of really being filled completely is what gets me off every time!

**Mr. Stud:** That's great, Annie, if you're with a guy who's well hung like—well, like me. Or even with a lover who's amply endowed. But what about the guy who's undersized and who may feel somewhat inadequate? He needs some loving, too.

### BREAKTHROUGH

**Annie:** Fortunately there is something for the man with a small penis. It was developed in England by a doctor, just to solve this problem. Medical science is skeptical, but already there is a study published by a prominent doctor that shows that the penis can be made larger. Actually longer and thicker!

**Mr. Stud:** If what you say is true, Annie, then there is real hope for the man who feels he is too small. What is this device or method?

### THE JOHN HOLMES SUPER PUMP

**Annie:** Quite simply, John, it's a personal suction device. Just follow the instructions and it's safe and simple to use. The penis fits inside, and you can see what's happening through the transparent sheath. I've seen it in use, and the results seemed amazing!



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**Mr. Stud:** There really is hope for "small" men!

**Annie:** You bet there is. So much so that we're offering it to men with an unconditional money-back guarantee. Even though some men may take longer to achieve results than others, and even though some users might not follow directions carefully enough, we guarantee that if a man doesn't get the results he expects, or doesn't get the improvement he needs in 30 days, he can return the SUPER PUMP for a prompt and full refund, no questions asked.

**Mr. Stud:** Sounds like a "Can't lose" offer to me, Annie. What does it cost, and how can a man get it?

**Annie:** Simple! He can write to the address below and send a check or money order for \$39.95 plus postage and handling. We mail the SUPER PUMP in a plain wrapper. He can even charge it on Mastercharge or Visa, and we will ship the SUPER PUMP with complete instructions immediately.

**Mr. Stud:** With an offer like this, backed by a money-back guarantee, every small man owes it to himself to try the JOHN HOLMES SUPER PUMP. And once they start to get results, their self confidence and ability to satisfy women will naturally start to go up. And with changes like that, he's got to score.



*Constitution* article. It was that of Patrick Rogers.

Wayne Williams' fried chicken had long since gotten cold. It had been at least 45 minutes since a deputy sheriff had pushed open the door to the holding cell behind Judge Clarence Cooper's courtroom to deliver lunch to the alleged "child" killer.

He had been charged with two homicides. The first was 27-year-old Nathaniel Cater, who reportedly had serious drinking problems and cavorted with drifters and derelicts in downtown Atlanta. The second was Jimmy Ray Payne, a 21-year-old parolee from a Georgia prison. (Payne, incidentally, was buried upside down—at the urging of spiritualists who had decreed that it would stop the string of murders.)

Cater and Payne hardly were children when they died. Yet some members of the news media weren't bothered by semantics. WSB-TV, Atlanta's ABC affiliate, persisted in identifying Wayne Williams as "the man accused of killing two of 28 black children killed over a two-year period," without recognizing that five of the 28 were adults. The *Atlanta Constitution* and the *Atlanta Journal*, among other publications, had given a little ground. They now were calling the victims "young blacks."

"Oh, no," Wayne Williams groaned as we discussed his case in the holding cell. "I see what you're sayin'." He was engrossed in the myriad geographical and personal connections among many victims—both on and off The List—that I began discovering nearly two years earlier. He lowered his head onto the interlaced fingers of his hands.

"I've got to be the most unlucky son of a bitch in the world," he said, peering through three-eighth-inch-thick glasses, which made his eyes and cheekbones appear too small for his features. "If I had known half this shit you're telling me now a year ago, I sure as hell would have changed where I went."

Wayne became intrigued by the implications of the map I had drawn for him. He asked me what I thought the map meant. I told him that all I could say it meant was that a definite connection existed among many, if not all, the victims and that they lived, disappeared and turned up dead on or near only 12 major connecting streets.

"What does it say about the killer or killers?" Wayne asked.

"I really don't know, but I have some theories."

I told him about the night in November 1980 when two Atlanta police Task Force officers and I had driven by the house of two people who would later be

killed. We also followed the map to a murder victim's home, the place where she vanished and her death site.

"Guess what else we passed on that short ride?" I asked.

"What's that?" Wayne inquired.

"Your house, buddy."

"You've got to be kiddin'!" A quizzical smile tugged at the left corner of his upper lip.

I nudged the point a little further. I noted that the youngest victim on The List was eight-year-old LaTonya Wilson and that Nathaniel Cater lived in the apartment above hers when she was kidnapped from her bedroom in June 1980. I reminded Wayne that Wilson, Cater and 14-year-old Cynthia Montgomery (who never made The List) had lived only a few blocks away from him.

"Oh, shit," he murmured.

The deputy sheriff poked his head through the doorway. "Just a few minutes, Wayne," he said, "if you got to go or something before the jury comes back in." Wayne grimaced at the white Styrofoam box on the table beside him. As I left, he was gnawing on a cold chicken leg.

For most of the theatrical nine-week trial that made the network news almost every night, I sat at the defense table beside Wayne—often passing notes through him to Alvin Binder, the principal defense attorney. The prosecution beautifully orchestrated the circumstantial evidence it had, trying to portray Wayne as a homosexual who hated poor, young, street-wise blacks, or as a "straight" who hated homosexual blacks. Take your choice. The prosecution also painted Williams as having enticed them with promises of sex, money and stardom in the music industry.

One woman testified that Wayne had told her he would "confess" if he feared getting "hurt" by the authorities. A witness who identified himself as "Cool Breeze" placed Wayne with one victim, 20-year-old Larry Rogers (no relation to Pat Man). But Cool Breeze admitted that he had smoked pot before taking the witness stand.

Moreover, the prosecutors persuaded Judge Clarence Cooper to make a controversial ruling: the allowing of ten additional cases into evidence so as to show Wayne's "alleged pattern" of killing and "bent of mind." Nine of these cases had made The List. A tenth, the stabbing death of 28-year-old John Porter, had not. Thus, the prosecution was agreeing with what some of us had been saying all along: There were *other* cases that should have made The List.

For its part, the defense succeeded in planting doubt about whether murder



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## MASS MURDER IN ATLANTA

(continued from page 52)

ances of the case.

*In February 1981 two Atlanta police officers knocked on the door of Annie Rogers' residence in Thomasville Heights. "Is Patrick Rogers here?" one asked.*

*Mrs. Rogers' hands covered her mouth in disbelief. "No, he ain't here," she said.*

*"Ma'am, we need to find him," the other officer said. "We have a warrant for his arrest."*

*Pat Man had been found dead on December 7—a few months before the cops' visit—and buried soon thereafter.*

In the predawn hours of May 22, 1981, Wayne Bertram Williams—a black music promoter and freelance TV cameraman—allegedly made a U-turn at the end of a Chattahoochee River bridge on the Jackson Parkway, northwest of downtown Atlanta. It was six-tenths of a mile from where Mike Edwards and I had unsuccessfully urged that a stakeout be posted as long ago as 1980. Williams was stopped about 1½ miles from the bridge, along Interstate 285.

There he was questioned for more than two hours by police and FBI agents who were on a stakeout that had begun only weeks earlier. (Williams later told me he had not been advised of his rights.) Why was he questioned? One police recruit had heard a "splash" in the river. Another saw Williams driving slowly across the bridge. But Williams was released.

Two days later a body subsequently identified as that of 27-year-old Nathaniel Cater surfaced downstream. Police quietly regarded Williams as a suspect. Was that Cater's body he dumped into the river, if he indeed dumped anything at all? Or did the recruit actually hear a splash from one of the many beavers whose thrashing in the river at night often triggered complaints from residents?

On June 3 and 4, after Williams was questioned by FBI agents in downtown Atlanta, he became a public figure overnight. "ATLANTA MONSTER SEIZED," the *New York Post* headlined. But again, Williams was released. Nevertheless, police and media stakeout teams swarmed to the unpretentious, red-brick house where Williams lived with his parents, both retired schoolteachers. A circus atmosphere prevailed. The stakeouts remained around the clock until Sunday, June 21.

On that afternoon, Wayne Williams—a small, chunky 23-year-old who fit the profile of a victim more than a killer—was arrested and charged with the mur-

der of Nathaniel Cater. On July 17 a Fulton County grand jury indicted Williams for the slayings of Cater and 21-year-old Jimmy Ray Payne. But there was a glitch: The medical examiner had ruled that Payne's cause of death was "undetermined." Associated Press reporter Nancy Kenney pointed out the discrepancy to a medical examiner.

At that point—"presto"—the examiner changed the death certificate to reflect a homicide. Did the grand jury see the certificate listing Payne's cause of death as "undetermined" before indicting Williams for murder? Grand-jury proceedings, by law, are held in secret. We may never know.

The prosecution's case was weak, bolstered only by mountains of circumstantial evidence, including textile fibers. Prosecutors said they were found on both bodies and matched those taken from Williams' house and cars. However, most of this evidence from Williams' house was confiscated not before, but after Williams was arrested. In other words, he had been seized on the flimsiest of proof—little more than someone hearing a splash in a river.

Two police searches turned the Williamses' house on Penelope Road into a disaster area. Huge chunks of carpet had been ripped up. The draperies had patches cut from them in helter-skelter fashion—as if a censor had gone berserk.

When I was asked to join the Williams defense team as a consultant, I agreed to do so with the clear understanding that I didn't know, with absolute certainty, if Wayne was guilty or not. In my first meeting with members of the team in October 1981 I immediately saw that the situation was in disarray. Defense investigators were trying to find a killer—or at least another suspect—believing this would exonerate Wayne. But the defense had no list of Wayne's activities pertaining to dates when victims disappeared or died. In fact, it had no complete list of victims. Thus, there were no prepared alibis.

*For more than a year Public Safety Commissioner Lee P. Brown had been saying that there was absolutely no pattern to the killings. When he took the witness stand for the prosecution in the Wayne Williams trial, however, he told a different story. Brown stated that the "pattern" changed on February 11, 1981—after an Atlanta Constitution article had stated that fibers were believed to link several victims. (Actually, the article said "two" victims.)*

*Thereafter, Brown testified, bodies were dumped into rivers, presumably to "wash" fibers from them. But the first body in the Chattahoochee River had been found in December 1980—two months before the*



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could be proved in Jimmy Ray Payne's death. Alvin Binder cited the original cause of death as "undetermined." Then, during cross-examination by Binder, Medical Examiner Saleh Zaki conceded he could not rule out that Payne had *drowned* in the Chattahoochee River.

Defense witness Kenneth Lawson, a former Atlanta police recruit, testified that some stakeout officers at the Jackson Parkway bridge were drinking and sleeping on the job, as well as swapping "ghost" stories. Lawson added that he had monitored radio transmissions stating that one recruit on the bridge had seen a "hazy, white figure" in the woods. The Atlanta police SWAT team was summoned to the scene, he said, but soon gave up its search.

The defense also tried to refute testimony about Wayne's alleged homosexuality by presenting a female witness who said she had engaged in sex with Wayne. No one ever asked if the defendant was bisexual.

Then Wayne Williams took the stand in his own defense. For two days he was unflappable amid the verbal slings and arrows of Assistant District Attorney Jack Mallard's relentless cross-examination. But on the third day, Wayne appeared to lose his composure. He lashed

out at Mallard, calling him a "dropshot" and a "fool."

(Williams now says that his defense attorneys coached him to be hostile on the witness stand.)

"You want the real Wayne Williams, you've got him right here!" he snapped. "All you got is a bunch of heresay mess. Nobody saw me throw anything off the bridge. Nobody saw me kill anybody."

Indeed, no testimony ever was introduced to prove where or when any of the victims died. No eyewitnesses to killings were presented. No one testified that he or she saw Williams kill anybody. Nor did anyone state that Williams was seen throwing anything into the river or that his car stopped on the bridge.

Judge Cooper tried to calm Wayne, but to no avail. When attorney Mary Welcome escorted him back to the defense table, Wayne was in tears. Many courtroom observers now contend that it was Wayne's outburst on the stand—plus the elaborately photographed and presented fiber evidence—which moved the jury to convict him.

I disagree. More than anything else, it was the false perception shared by the community before and during the trial that Atlanta's killings stopped after Wayne was jailed on June 21, 1981. If that perception wouldn't prejudice a

jury against a defendant, what would?

District Attorney Lewis Slaton made it clear to the jurors in his final argument: If they were to return a verdict of not guilty, and someone else were to be slain with Williams back on the streets, it would be the jurors' cross to bear—not the prosecution's.

In final arguments the prosecution compared Williams with Adolf Hitler, Attila the Hun and Idi Amin. The defense compared him with Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.

Addressing the jurors, defense attorney Alvin Binder tried to straighten out prosecution witness Lee P. Brown's testimony about the time when victims supposedly first went into rivers. The prosecution erred, Binder said, when it overlooked the fact that Patrick "Pat Man" Rogers had been found in a river two months *before* the publication of the newspaper story that Brown suggested had prompted the killer or killers to start depositing bodies in rivers.

Suddenly, the prosecutors looked at each other, question marks all over their faces. They frantically scrawled notes and passed scraps of paper among themselves as Binder proceeded with his closing remarks.

Soon it was Assistant District Attorney Gordon Miller's turn. He looked at Binder. Then, addressing the jury, he said: "There's not one shred of evidence in this case, and we have never contended that the defendant [Wayne Williams] killed Patrick Rogers. Larry Rogers, yes, but not Patrick Rogers."

(Larry Rogers was not related to Patrick, but was—unlike Patrick—one of the ten additional victims whose cases had been introduced as part of Williams' so-called "pattern." Once again, Pat Man was an all-but-forgotten victim now relegated to courtroom confusion.)

The predominantly black jury returned verdicts of guilty in the Carter and Payne cases against Wayne Williams. If nothing else, it probably would be easier for the jurors to live with an innocent man's imprisonment on their consciences than one more victim's blood on their hands.

*State of Georgia v. Wayne B. Williams* was being hailed afterward as a landmark victory for fiber evidence. But the so-called fiber "matches" were probable—or speculative—not exact. On December 7, 1981, Harold A. Deadman, the FBI's fiber expert in Washington (who would testify for the state), had written a letter to Assistant District Attorney Gordon Miller and reported on his laboratory examination of the fiber evidence. Repeatedly in the cases of Carter and Payne—among others—Dead-



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man qualified his report by writing that the fibers "could have" originated from Williams' home and cars.

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The biggest hole in the state's fiber case was large enough to drive a Mack truck through. But it was never pursued aggressively by the defense. It involved fibers taken from vehicles and found on victims or their surroundings.

The state contended that three victims—Earl Terrell, Clifford Jones and Charles Stephens—all had fibers similar to those which made up the trunk liner of a 1979 Ford once owned by the Williamses. It also argued that Stephens' clothing contained a throw-rug fiber from another vehicle used by the Williamses, a 1970 Chevrolet station wagon.

But therein lay a flaw: Wayne Williams and his parents did not have access to the Ford from the time the first of these three victims disappeared until the last was found dead six months later. Except for a 24-hour period on August 7 and 8, 1981, the car was being held by an Atlanta dealer and later was repossessed when Williams' father refused to pay for repairs, complaining it wouldn't work. Evidence to this effect, including receipts, was introduced at the trial.

Nor was the Chevrolet station wagon available to the Williamses. When

Charles Stephens vanished and was found dead, it was owned by a relative, and on blocks at a mechanic's house in Columbus, Georgia.

These facts raise legitimate doubt about the state's fiber case. Just as shaky is the contention that the killings stopped in June 1981, when Wayne Williams was jailed—even though Public Safety Commissioner Lee P. Brown, newly elected Mayor Andrew Young and District Attorney Lewis Slaton insist they did.

The question is: *Which murders?* Unsolved murders in metropolitan Atlanta did *not* stop. The police simply had stopped counting. No more cases were added to The List.

During the latter half of August 1981 three Atlanta-area teenage girls (one of whom was white) and a black woman believed to be in her 20s were found strangled. It was the same cause of death as in many of the 28 cases on The List.

Two nights after the trial, defense attorney Alvin Binder went on ABC's *Nightline* television program and recited the names of young blacks who were among victims of unsolved killings since Wayne Williams was jailed. The next day, Andrew Young sharply criticized Binder for "retrying the case on television." The mayor added that Binder should have introduced evidence of other murders when he had the chance—

during Williams' trial, not afterward.

But Binder had, indeed, tried to enter evidence of unsolved Atlanta murders, stretching back ten years (which would have included the latter half of 1981, while Williams was in custody). Binder's pretrial motion was rebuffed by Judge Cooper, and the city attorney had petitioned to keep the records of all those unsolved murders out of court.

At a post-trial news conference it was pointed out to Lee Brown that FBI statistics showed seven young blacks (none older than 27, the eldest on The List) had become victims of unsolved killings in Atlanta during the last half of 1981, or *after* Williams' arrest.

Brown countered with a familiar response—that these recent killings "do not fit the profile" of those on The List—a profile that he'd been saying did not exist.

Nobody really knew what Brown's newfound profile was. One victim on The List was shot, two were bludgeoned, three were stabbed, and eight were strangled. The rest were so badly decomposed that no one knows how they died, or they were ruled as "probable asphyxia" deaths. Asphyxia does not necessarily prove murder (it includes drowning).

Within weeks after Williams' arrest, Stanley Murray—a 21-year-old black

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male—was shot and killed in July 1981. Murray lived in the Bowen Homes housing project at 946 Wilkes Circle, Apartment 497. This address was the same as that of 13-year-old Curtis Walker, who had been found dead in the South River in March 1981, a victim of "probable asphyxia." Curtis Walker was a pre-Williams-arrest case and made The List. Stanley Murray was a post-Williams-arrest case and did not.

"Stanley was my brother," Catherine Leach said, standing at the door of Apartment 497 less than a week after the trial.

"Did Stanley know Curtis Walker, who lived in your building?" I asked.

"Of course," Mrs. Leach said. "Curtis and Stanley lived in this apartment with me. Curtis was my son."

Stanley Murray, then, was a 21-year-old uncle of Curtis Walker, whose death was one of 21 more charged to Wayne Williams, based on fiber evidence.

This marked the first known example of blood relatives dying in Atlanta's murders of young blacks. Mrs. Leach said she was surprised to learn that Wayne Williams was accused of killing her son, Curtis Walker. The police, she said, never had discussed the possibility with her. As she stood inside Apartment 497, where Walker and Murray had lived before dying only four months apart, Catherine Leach wore a look of heartbreak and confusion.

Two days following the trial, Lee Brown announced at a news conference that the police were closing the books on 23 murder cases (including Cater and Payne), tying them all to Wayne Williams. Seven other cases, Brown said, would be returned to their individual jurisdictions for further investigation. One of those seven was that of Patrick Rogers, whose death in 1980 still was not officially linked to anybody.

Soon, however, reporter Paul Crawley of Atlanta television station WXIA did his own detective work. He discovered why prosecutors had not connected Pat Man to Wayne Williams—or anybody else—based on fiber evidence. The reason: Apparently, no fibers had been examined in the Rogers case. Pat Man's clothing, Crawley reported, had remained in the Georgia State Crime Lab—in a still-unopened box marked "(Victim) Unknown."

It was as if the state had been caught empty-handed, if not red-faced. As a result, Patrick Rogers was not included in the evidence that had been submitted to FBI fiber expert Harold A. Deadman.

The state moved quickly to cover its blunder, announcing that it was investigating possible "fiber links" between

Wayne Williams and Pat Man Rogers. Finally, in June 1982 (four months after Williams was convicted), Cobb County authorities closed Pat Man's case—making him homicide number 24 attributed to Williams.

This was the same criminal-justice system in which the prosecution had stated in open court that it was not linking Williams to Pat Man's death. This was the same system in which Task Force officers had ignored Pat Man's disappearance and murder in 1980 for four months—despite repeated pleas to investigate his case. Had they done so, they could have had Wayne Williams as a suspect before at least 14 more victims died. How could they have it *both* ways?

Last July, Wayne Williams wrote a letter to Annie Rogers denying he killed her son and echoing what I had been telling Wayne and anyone else who would listen—that Pat Man's case is the key to understanding Atlanta's nightmare. More than any other, it embodies the breakdowns, oversights and blunders in the criminal-justice system—and it emphasizes personal connections among many victims.

I arranged for Wayne to telephone Annie Rogers from jail one day in August. Their chat was remarkably cordial, especially for one between a man convicted of murder and the mother of a child whose death, by then, was officially blamed on him.

"He talked real nice," Annie Rogers said of Wayne Williams. "He told me he didn't know Pat Man, but he said he knew a friend of his at Grady High. I told him, 'There ain't no damned way in the world that you could have killed 20-some people.' He said there was a lot that his defense could have brought out at the trial that could have cleared him, but they didn't. He said he's just now finding out about it. . . ."

Annie Rogers said she told Wayne that she cannot accept the bureaucratic closing of Pat Man's case without a trial. "I told him," she went on, "If Cobb County says you killed Pat Man, then Cobb County should have enough proof to bring you to trial and try *you* for Pat Man."

On a hot weekend earlier that month, Annie Rogers and several other victims' mothers had traveled to Washington, D.C., to voice their nagging skepticism about Atlanta's investigation. They met privately with U.S. Attorney General William French Smith and urged him to reopen their children's cases. Smith refused to take any action. But in the wake of the mothers' vain mission, some disturbing questions remained.

Wayne Williams was tried solely for the murders of two adults. The only way



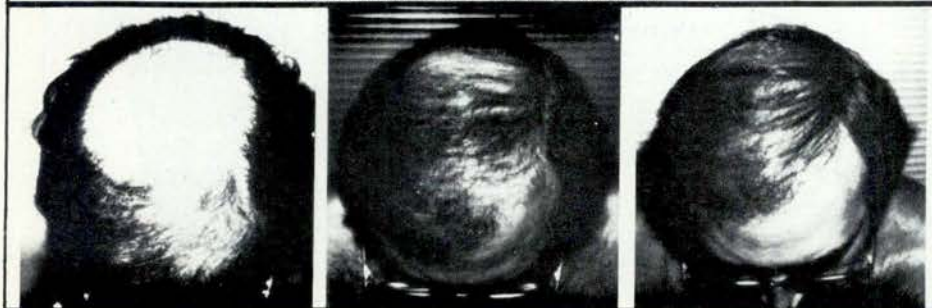




# MONEY BACK GUARANTEE! BALDNESS CURE?

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*"What more can I say but thank you, thank you, thank you."*  
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
that ten additional cases and an attendant mountain of fiber evidence could legally be introduced was if they supported a "pattern" of killing.

Would Judge Cooper have allowed them to be introduced had he known that Public Safety Commissioner Lee P. Brown's "pattern" testimony was wrong when he swore that the first river victim was found after February 11, 1981?

Had the jury been allowed to hear eyewitnesses who claimed to have seen victims murdered by persons other than Williams, would the jurors have given as much credence to the state's eyewitnesses—who saw no one killed?

Had the jurors understood that it was impossible for three of the victims to have been in the vehicles where prosecution witnesses said they came in contact with the Williams fibers, would the jurors have so readily accepted the deluge of fiber evidence?

Had it been revealed that a 21-year-old uncle of one of The List victims was murdered while Williams was in jail awaiting trial—a case that remains unsolved—would the world have been swayed by the false perception that the murders stopped when Williams was placed behind bars?

Should Wayne Williams have been convicted? Or, more important, is the wrong person imprisoned? 


### SEX PLAY

(continued from page 32)

only cramping but also diarrhea, nausea and vomiting. The use of such drugs as ibuprofen, naproxen sodium and mefenamic acid interferes with the production and action of the prostaglandins.

Dr. W. Y. Chan of Cornell University Medical College reports that 65% to 100% of the women who take such a drug on the first day of their menstrual period show near-complete relief. Side effects of the antiprostaglandins are rare, although the drugs should not be taken by women with ulcers or asthma.

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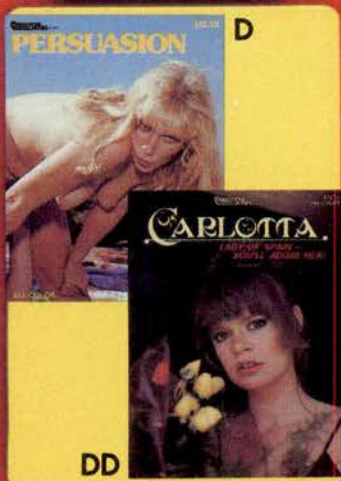
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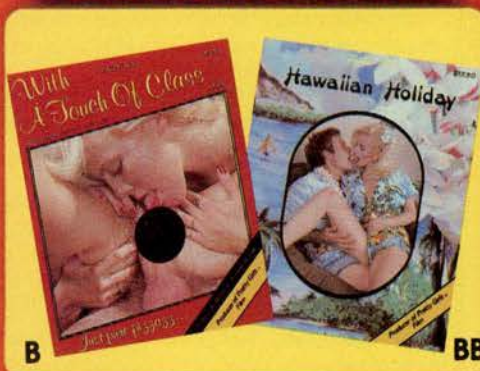
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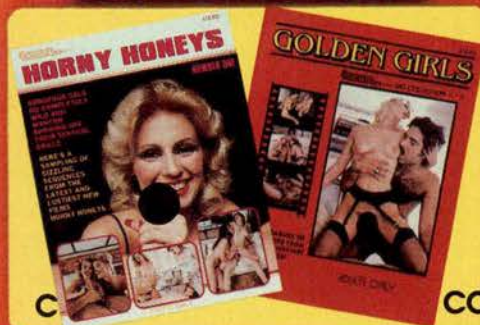
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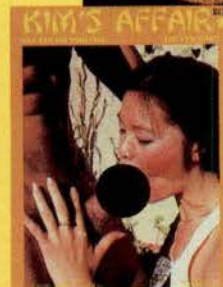
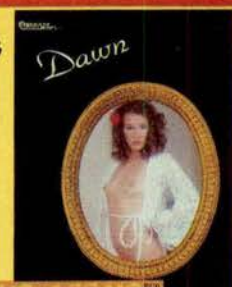
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# NEXT MONTH

May issue on sale March 29, 1983



**CATHERINE**

**FIRST-RATE EROTIC BEAUTY**—For our May centerfold we've pulled out all the stops and come up with a **WOMAN OF ELEGANCE** who is unmatched in beauty. Her name is **CATHERINE**, and if you're as stunned by her aristocratic looks as we are, you'll have a very hard time forget-

ting her. Plus, **HUSTLER** fulfills the fantasy of sexy *Beaver Hunt* winner **CECILIA** by featuring her in a breathtaking photo-layout that's sure to make some of *your* dreams come true too. Then, **DUSTY** is a beautiful, **STAGE STRUCK** actress who invites you to join her for an erotic backstage performance. Come along on a sizzling fantasy that's guaranteed to leave you star-struck. Finally, an obliging chambermaid and a sexy young mistress provide each other with the kind of **MAID SERVICE** that satisfies their pent-up passions.

**A TROUBLED CHAMPION**—Ray "Boom Boom" Mancini is the pride of Youngstown, Ohio—the WBA lightweight champion, with an intense love for his family and religion. But in November 1982 something happened that may have changed his life, and the sport of boxing, forever: He killed a South Korean fighter during a title bout with a thundering right cross. Ben Pesta's profile is a fascinating look at the man with the deadliest punch in boxing.

**CENSORSHIP'S NEW THREAT**—It is well-known that freedom of speech and of the press is a hallmark of our form of government—without it, democracy cannot exist. Despite this, everyone from parents groups to the Reagan Administration is participating in a rising tide of censorship by trying to determine what we can and cannot read, think and say. Robert McGarvey's thorough report uncovers how censorship's threat to our way of life is more widespread than most people think.

**SEXUAL ALLERGIES**—Some women are allergic to sex—and it's no joke. Sexual allergies are a recently discovered group of diseases that can cause sterility, seizures and even death. But there are ways that couples can live and love with sexual allergies, and Michael Allen's informative *Sex Play* will tell you all you need to know about this little-known medical problem.

**PLUS**—Anton Golan's newest piece of fiction involves major-league baseball's most-wanted free agent and the steamy blonde who makes herself part of his future. **ADVISE & CONSENT** offers some provocative answers to some difficult questions, and a stimulating **KINKY KORNER** gives an inside peek at some bedroom fun. **BEAVER HUNT**'s homespun beauties will provide fuel for your fantasies, while **BITS & PIECES** and **HUSTLER HUMOR** will add some welcomed merriment to your day.



**CECILIA**



**DUSTY**



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John Wayne

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\*"Printers' Ink," 1964

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